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A full-page photograph of architect I.M. Pei standing with his hands on his hips in front of the Los Angeles Music Center. He is wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie, and has his signature glasses on. The building behind him is a large, white, modernist structure with geometric shapes. In the foreground, there are several small, dark, pyramid-shaped structures on a paved plaza. The sky is blue with some clouds.

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Volume 100
Number 1000
October 1978

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Backstage with Esquire

Elia Kazan's Acts of Life

You have to keep looking at him, change your focus, change your perspective in your life once in a while so that you're constantly challenged. In his small, cramped office seven stories above Seventh Avenue, Elia Kazan is, receding his decades



Elia Kazan

thirteen years ago to take away from a career as one of America's preeminent stage and screen directors and start writing novels. Since then, the man who directed *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Dwight D. Eisenhower*, *On the Waterfront*, and *East of Eden* has published four novels. His first, *Acts of Love*, from which our excerpt is taken, will be released in July.

It's late afternoon and Kazan, a small, neat man who looks younger than his sixty-eight years, has been in the office since six-thirty a.m. Yet he is full of

energy and talks enthusiastically about his new book and his most recent career. "I am very much like Celine in some way," he says, referring to a recent character in the story: an immigrant and older man who is a musical authority loyal to the traditions of his native Greece. "I have a lot of sympathy for older men trying to hold on. Today people think a man or woman keeps growing up to a certain age, but that's nonsense. You can keep learning until you die."

Kazan admits he needed a lot of help from editors when he started to write *Acts of Love*. Although true of his books, *The Americans*, *The Assassins*, and *The Underneath*, spent many weeks as the best-seller list, they have failed to reverse the critical acclaim his Oscar-winning films earned.

"The *Assassins* went for all its strengths, was much order than *Acts of Love*," he says. "I don't think I'm writing in some writers, but I do think my writing is improving."

Acts of Love is Kazan's first period effort placing a woman (Elizabeth) in a lead role. It is also a study in conflicts: old-world tradition versus new-world secularism, permanence versus authority, and severity versus freedom.

Elia is someone I know well once long ago, Kazan says. "I've drawn to the clothes she wore, and the way she spoke. I was close to a lot of it, you see. And the next book is going to be even more personal."

Kazan is actually writing on two new books—this is sequel to his first, *America*, and a sequel to his youth in Broadway and in Hollywood. All said, might he be Jewish, the Greek word for someone who is full of the pleasure of living.

"Sometimes I wake up at night and begin to look forward to the next day and I can't go back to sleep again," he says. "You don't often get that feeling, that wonderful excitement and anticipation about the next day's work." —T.S.

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Everyone Needs a Ronstadt

At least, everyone who wants to be President needs a rock star

It happened to be winding behind Robert Kennedy one October day in 1966 when he arrived in Los Angeles during a national campaign tour for Democratic congressional candidates. We were in the doorway of his chartered T27, looking down the stairway at a reception committee that seemed to be led by Robert Vaughn, a California liberal much better known as television's *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* Kennedy stood at the stairs for a moment, then turned to his advance man, Jerry Bruso, and sort of growled, "Get him out of there!"

Smiling happily, Bruso ran down the stairs and bumped into Vaughn—and kept bumping until the actor was safely out of camera range as Bobby descended. In these days, people who wanted to be President didn't want to be photographed with men from U.N.C.L.E. or any other acronym of the world of make-believe.

Today, or more precisely in 1980, it will probably be impossible to become the leader of the free world without paying homage to actors, singers and their platoon of producers, music managers and publicists. Which is why Jerry Bruso was doing a couple of Sundays ago when he let his official presence in a softball game between a rock band called The Eagles and the staff of *Rolling Stone* magazine. This governor of California, acknowledging his loyalty to The Eagles team, was then concurring the way his father, who was governor in 1966, once possessed the flash with oilmen and labor leaders.

The gaudy are fascists. During the 1976 presidential campaign, they, along with their kind the governor's best friends

Richard Reeves is *Esquire's* national editor, based in Washington, D.C.



Ronstadt, raised \$183,000, plus government matching funds, for Brown. That is not a new story—the campaigns of both Brown and Jimmy Carter took smart advantage of cash in the Federal Election Campaign Acts of 1971 and 1974. Under those reform laws and the later court decisions, almost all Americans are effectively prohibited from contributing more than \$1,000 to a presidential campaign. All right, except rich folks running for office, who, because the Supreme Court says they can, are free to use any amount of their own money for their own candidacies—and entertainers who are free to donate their "services" to any candidate.

Actually, any citizen is free to donate services. But equality under the law breaks down because some citizens' services are worth more than others. The

reason is that, though your stamp-collecting and my typing may be worth something, mine is going to pay to watch us do our thing, but mine people will pay a great deal of money to watch, say, Frank Sinatra or Linda Ronstadt perform their services.

And, in 1975, under the new public-funding campaign laws, the federal government matched many of the dollars that Ronstadt and The Eagles raised for Brown and stars like the Allman Brothers raised for Carter. Ronstadt and friends pulled in a total of \$79,000 for Brown in two hours in Landover, Maryland, one night in May 1976. The Allman Brothers and a few of their friends raised \$292,000, plus student funds, for Carter, much of it either he would still "sing who?"

That, many of us thought, would be it. The spark, the lightning, seemed obvious—crazy, crazy—and it would surely be taken care of before the 1980 elections. I certainly forgot about it. But two things reminded me.

The first Federal thing is this year's California gubernatorial race indicates that show business is still a very powerful industry in particular are the major powers behind Brown's reelection race. The Brown list is punctuated with names familiar to the 52.5 billion world of popular music: Neil Bogert, president of Casablanca Records—\$10,000; Joe Smith, chairman of Electric Blue/Ink Records—\$5,000; Jerry Moss, chairman of A&M Records—\$10,000; Jerry Weintraub, manager of Neil Diamond and John Denver—\$3,000. The best—and the list—goes on.

A&E would reveal his political plans to an extraordinarily candid—or stupid—interview with *Parade* Magazine, saying, in the true voice of the fan



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- 6.  Judaism (used from Jews)
- 7.  Islam (used from Muslims)

From all of that, however, the principle that every citizen, woman, black, white, married or unmarried, gay, lesbian, transgender, bisexual, has the right to control his or her own body is not derived. It is not a principle that is shared by a majority of Americans, which means that there is only one possible result.

The Jeff Walda, Joe Smith, and Jerry Weintraub are important in proportion to the clout they have in delivering their performers. Actors, such as Robert Vaughn, don't exactly get pushed

Use and be used: The American side there is, however, another American tradition: fun who pays, pots. it will be interesting to see who, in the end, it takes when Rafters is wonderful—only in America could the financing of the Presidency be taken off Wall Street and moved into the Polo Lounge of The Beverly Hills Hotel. ☐

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Full Disclosure by Dan Dorfman

Move Over, Horatio Alger

Computer technology is spawning overnight millionaires in California

You're probably dying to hear about no rarer tip in San Francisco. So here goes. This report takes a look inside two outstanding success stories in the technology game: Apple Computer (of Cupertino), a hot manufacturer of personal computers, and Amstel Corporation (of Berkeley), a large-scale consumer producer that's successfully challenging industry kingpin IBM. But let me not confine myself to technology. I also came across this exquisite Burgandy—no, not a rare wine, but a twenty-seven-year-old luxury who for \$50... but wait, I'm getting ahead of myself.

Little Apple Out West

About a month ago, International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation announced an agreement with a small private company, Apple Computer, whereby ITT would sell Apple's products overseas. What made the deal so intriguing was that ITT's tiny partner just twenty-seven months earlier had been producing computers out of a family garage—having started as business there with a modest capital of just \$1,300. Since that time, little-known Apple has transformed the sleeping demand for home computers—whose audience was once calculated by household computers, on paper, playing sophisticated games, turning on and off the lawn sprinkler, and helping out the kids with their math and spelling problems—into a booming business.

Apple's founders, who generally put in fourteen- to fifteen-hour workdays, are two college dropouts—twenty-three-year-old Steve Jobs and twenty-seven-year-old Stephen Wozniak. Jobs had been a designer of video games at Atari, a disciple of Werner von Braun, and Wozniak, who built his first computer at the age of thirteen, formerly designed integrated circuits for the calculator division of Hewlett-Packard. Sporting beards and floppy shirts, the two could easily pass for lotharios. Well, one might question their dress code—but certainly

Dan Dorfman reports on the business and financial world on each year.



Company: Apple Computer and Jobs: \$1.300 to \$10 million in 28 months

not their performance. It has been remarkable.

Just listen to these figures: In its first year, Apple reaped in sales of a mere \$180,000, on which it earned an impressive 29 percent gross profit. Last year's volume jumped to \$6 million, and gross profit shot up to 30 percent (\$2 million). This year's volume is estimated at \$18 million, and a massive sales jump—to over \$30 million—is projected for 1979.

Anyone, of course, can rattle off all sorts of rosy forecasts. But Apple has some readily verifiable behavior—as much so that they need no \$1 million of equity financing. One is Vantage Associates, the venture capital arm of the Rockefeller Brothers, another is Arthur Rock, one of the country's premier venture capitalists.

Aside from the growing national demand for personal computers, the company has also made great headway by not only offering the fun and games aspect but by catering to the customer's craving for more information. "People are hungry for more data—from the date of Diwali's perfect game to an instant glance at a day program—and we're trying to satisfy this hunger," Jobs says. Accordingly, Apple is seeking to license its data base with additional software packages.

At present, the company has just one model—a rather ponderous computer called Apple II, which looks like a typewriter, has a built-in speaker, and ranges in price from \$995 to about \$3,000, the higher the

price, the greater its memory capacity (the more information it can store).

One can't help but be impressed by Apple's super performance and widespread forecast that home computers will be a billion-dollar business in the early 1980s. Equally mind-boggling is Jobs's view that this company—its very own on the selling block today—could bring a purchase price of over \$10 million. Quite a nice profit, to say the least, from a \$1,500 investment made just twenty-eight months ago. But Apple is still a fledgling, and there's an immediate threat of rapid and accelerating competition from companies with a lot more financial and marketing muscle (such as Texas Instruments and a flock of Japanese firms).

Will little Apple turn out to be the face of such competition?

"We're trying to move into the big leagues in a hurry, and 1979 will be our pivotal year," says Jobs. "If we survive, we'll be the DEC [in reference to multi-computer King Digital Equipment] of the personal computer industry. Every dollar we make we're plowing back into the company. Sure we'll be up against the biggest, but we're defining the right product for the market. And the reason we have a chance is that it's a totally brand-new market. And nobody knows how it will go."

Regardless of how it goes, Jobs and Wozniak have clearly proven that entrepreneurship is very much alive—that the American dream still works.

Making Justice Just

Can a government lawyer in charge of 40,000 civil cases make a difference?

Every day thousands of government lawyers go into court to argue cases ranging from a suit over a truck accident to the suit against CIA man turned author Frank Bishop. In theory, these lawyers speak and act for us. But they represent and the government they take are often at odds not only with what we expect from our government but also with what their own bosses expect from them. For example, in 1975 a Washington D.C. law student named Kathleen Bishop filed a suit against the U.S. claiming that a job offer as a Justice Department intern had been revoked when she'd revealed in a routine questionnaire that she was living with a man to whom she was not married. In September of 1977, the United States filed a defense brief in the case. Citing the "high moral standards required by government employers," our Justice Department declared that even if Bishop had been accused of being an assumed cohabitant, this was an appropriate decision because "Department of Justice attorneys have high visibility in their communities... and the personal habits of Department attorneys should always be a credit to the reputation of the Department."

If this seems like a strange position for our attorney to be taking in late 1977, it is a stranger one still for Barbara Bishop—our lawyer whose signature appears first among the government attorneys who signed the brief.

Bishop's February 1977 appointment by President Carter and Attorney General Bell as Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Civil Division was hailed by liberals and public interest lawyers as the perfect choice. Her resume is a model of commitment to civil rights and public interest law.

So at first glance, Bishop's signing the Kathleen Bishop brief (which Frank Graham of CBS' *News 60* first reported) seems to be the classic Washington tale: good liberal lawyer gets co-opted by powerful government job. A closer look finds a different story.

Bishop's move as the lead lawyer goes on all papers filed in the 40,000 civil

Contributing editor Steven Brill writes a regular column on law and lawyers.



Civil Division lawyer Kathleen Bishop

cases that involve the government each year. She can't read everything that she signs for that is signed for her by others, but alone wrote everything herself. This is done by her 259 Civil Division attorneys in Washington, plus thousands more under her ultimate supervision who handle civil suits in the district offices of 41 U.S. Attorney throughout the country.

"When I heard about that brief from Frank Graham," Bishop says, referring to the Bishop memo, "I had it brought to me and I read it. Obviously, I was upset, and I immediately filed with the court to have it withdrawn. But I don't think that you could find dozens of briefs out there that are just as troubling. I'm always getting calls from friends saying, 'You'll never believe what I just saw with your name on it.'"

One way she's trying to change that, she explains, is "by questioning—trying to make it clear to lawyers in the division what our principles are and stressing that my departmental I should have any interesting questions brought to my attention.... You'd be surprised. The answer seems to be: sleeping down."

It's not all as simple as Bishop's personal views sleeping down. In many respects, she is a reactionary—a lawyer in charge of signing government positions with which she may not agree. For example, she tried to persuade Bell that Frank Sheppard should not be used for allegedly

violating his "sacred oath" by writing his CIA memoir, *Deceit & Denial*. When her boss decided otherwise, she signed the papers and is now retiring the case. Similarly, as the lawyer for the hundreds of other government agencies outside the Justice Department, much of Bishop's power is limited to persuasion. Thus, she has been able to talk the Civil Service Commission into abandoning a defense that conditioning the promotion of a subordinate on her agreement to have sex with her supervisor did not constitute sex discrimination. But she hasn't yet persuaded the Treasury Department and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms to end its seemingly unworkable opposition to a Freedom of Information Act request (she handles all FOIA suits) by a gay control group to obtain information on how many guns are sold each year by the major firearms companies.

Policy issues like these are important, and Bishop's involvement in making the decisions, or persuading those who do, is significant. But the most troubling aspect of her job is at times that it has involved with publicly visible big issues but is one where she has more than the power to persuade. It has to do with her supervision of the conduct of the government lawyers who come up against the rest of us in noncriminal cases.

Early in May, President Carter attacked lawyers for engaging in unnecessary delays and resorting to the adversary system as "an end in itself" rather than a way to serve justice. He might have cited his own Justice Department lawyers as an example of the worst offenders.

"One thing I can do," Bishop explains, "is improve how our government conducts itself in court. We should be model litigators, not lawyers who use delay for the sake of delay or raise frivolous defenses. I keep trying to explain to our people that we are special lawyers; you, our client in the government, but the people we litigate against are our constituents."

The most important result of that attitude is that Bishop has signed the word that "All cases are to be resolved on the merits when it is just to do so. For example, she has 'no problems with us

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ing a narrow stance of limited defense (a defense saying the man was killed in a case of a guy who's been battered in a vicious house).

"We can win a lot of cases like the ones we should be winning," says William Schaffer, a Ruback deputy who's overseeing her "model litigator" effort.

"We can bury a plaintiff in depositions (general questioning sessions) and make it impossible for him to go on. Or we can make a trial last, such as we did a 15-day brief in double-speed type. Most lawyers usually do an atrocious," he continues. "That's what we're trying not to do. If we just track more sometimes, we're not some insurance company lawyers where we're out there."

Schaffer conceded that if he got hit by a suit track tomorrow, it might still find "delays and the rest of it. But we're trying to run these things out. Sometimes I find out about horror stories when I'm going on an expense report and what our guy was making the trip for. Last week I caught on about a medical expense [about the wife of a nurse] who had been hospitalized on a complaint to defend a case against a baby who'd been injured due to a negligence through apparent malpractice at a military hospital. So I asked the

An underlying question is how much leeway government lawyers can have in deciding where justice lies.

lawyer why he was not settling the case.

An assistant Schaffer with out trouble when reviewing routine letters drafted for Ruback's litigation referring to clients who have written, often just in their own handwriting, to the President or Attorney General complaining about the government's handling of their cases. "It is not some typical bureaucratic response," he explains. "Like 'The Justice Department does not see legal advice.' And I'll check and find out the client is right."

This is not to say that Ruback, Schaffer, and the others are busy throwing cases. By and large they fight the government's battles as good lawyers. Thus, while I'd bet Ruback's sympathies are elsewhere, the *Rebozo* case is still being

defended (on the grounds that it's all about since he got another job).

But even in just trying to catch lawyers' traditional tactics of delay and shiffling, and in avoiding the most narrow defenses and horticultural positions in the fully malpractice case, Ruback and his aides are bound to get some criticism. After all, the adversary system is based on lawyers doing everything they can to get their legal aid proper to win for their clients. And if winning through stalling by delaying or complicating a case isn't proper (and many lawyers agree that it isn't), technical defenses certainly are. Besides, should Ruback be able to spend the taxpayers' money by delaying on his own? But the sense of timeliness in some other defense would be to fight it? It's not right, shouldn't Congress be the one to change the law, and not Ruback?

"That's a troubling issue and we're struggling with it," Ruback concedes. But I guess it's not that Ruback is a lawyer who keeps the government to be just.

How far Ruback goes in establishing that standard for the lawyer bureaucracy the new rule will be an interesting test of whether one and perhaps a government can make a difference.

BRIEFS

A New Face of Federal Aid?

Another of the cases that Ruback is likely to handle is the *Am. People* claim, made in April of 1975 that killed several in a Vietnamese mine explosion. Lawyers who were attacked by the adoption agency that had planned to place the airplane, and are supposedly representing them and their heirs, are now suing the government and Lockheed, the company that built the plane.

There's one catch: any suit claim for wrongful death must be paid to an heir of the person killed. Since these are minor children and none of their heirs is identified when they die are unknown (and questionable anyway), these suits may have a hard time.

Lockheed has pointed out that the law requires that claimants must be born to a man who is found to be the father of the child of the woman of the state where the people killed are judged to have "resided." Therefore, the only result of letting the lawsuit continue (with the adoption agency acting as a stand-in parent), the company says, is that the plaintiff's claim will make their percentage of the \$3 million or \$4 million that might be awarded while the rest will go to some state governments (figuring out which state gets what will be another matter, it could still go to Colorado, where the adoption agency is located, or it might go to the state where each infant was supposed to have been placed, if that's known).

For its part, the United States has taken

one of those positions (see above) that goes against its narrow construction. Indeed, Schaffer, Ruback's deputy, told District Judge Louis Oberdorfer that weeks ago that the U.S. is willing to attempt to help find the orphan's heirs. Although Lockheed was not pleased, Schaffer's offer may have helped them, too, since it encouraged the judge to push the opposing lawyers to come back soon and tell him why they should proceed if it appears that no heirs can be found.

Right from Wrong

American Bar Association president William Speer, Jr. recently delivered an unusual speech on the growing tendency of people to invade various benefits and pleasures to rights "to be won in court. Disputed at the time, Speer said as a price example a man who "lost a finger spending his power law money and said the manufacturer." Speer explained, "It didn't matter to him—and it apparently didn't matter to the jury, either—that his injury occurred when he was using the law money to win a hedge bet." I asked the ABA for a critique. "We don't know where it came from," explained spokeswoman Lynn Taylor. "You know, you hear a story from a friend who's heard it from someone else. It's a hearsay type of thing."

I'll check it. The next day Taylor assured me that "even if that case isn't true or if we can't find it, I'll be happy to give examples of other horror stories that are true. Two days later the report that the ABA's researchers had

traced the law nonverbal to a pamphlet printed in 1971 attacking legal lawyers but that they still had no one for a real case, nor could the group that wrote the pamphlet find one.

Spears' speech was entitled "Telling Rights from Wrong."

Ruback's Recipe

Three weeks ago the Chicago legal community was rocked by the news that Don Reuben, the vice president of Archibald & Ellis, had been kicked out of the white-collar firm founded in 1908. As the Chicago Sun-Times noted in its excellent paragraph, Reuben's political involvement and generally aggressive high profile didn't catch the attention of the firm's other leading partners. So, while he was on a vacation, they met and decided to kick him to leave. So far, it looks as if they made a mistake. Within days of the anti-Reuben push, he'd convinced one of the firm's leading clients—the Chicago Tribune Company and the Chicago Architects—about twenty K&E lawyers to go with him to the new office he's setting up. "We're offering in telling them that the Archibalds had decided to divide to business. His prayers are going to say with K&E and his account is going to Reuben."

New I've learned he has also kicked out last twenty years of K&E clients. "It's a war," says Chicago lawyer says. "And Don will win it. Within three years his firm will be the law power in Chicago." H.

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Oh, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers' Rum is a time to rise some mythical.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers' is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers' comes through the most.

How far Ruback goes in establishing that standard for the lawyer bureaucracy the new rule will be an interesting test of whether one and perhaps a government can make a difference.

Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers' isn't any stronger, even though it has a darker rum flavor.

More revelations. Myers' is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's

Three weeks ago the Chicago legal community was rocked by the news that Don Reuben, the vice president of Archibald & Ellis, had been kicked out of the white-collar firm founded in 1908. As the Chicago Sun-Times noted in its excellent paragraph, Reuben's political involvement and generally aggressive high profile didn't catch the attention of the firm's other leading partners. So, while he was on a vacation, they met and decided to kick him to leave. So far, it looks as if they made a mistake. Within days of the anti-Reuben push, he'd convinced one of the firm's leading clients—the Chicago Tribune Company and the Chicago Architects—about twenty K&E lawyers to go with him to the new office he's setting up. "We're offering in telling them that the Archibalds had decided to divide to business. His prayers are going to say with K&E and his account is going to Reuben."

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made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the price. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers' in a 50-50 ratio with water and lighter rums. They say Myers'

to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers' adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The

extra punch Myers' adds to a Flamingo Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers' Plumbers' Punch. Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of 1/2 lemon or lime, 1/2 oz. Myers' Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of pineapple. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled

with ice. Add orange slice, cherry

Myers' Rum and Cola. Into a highball glass, add 1 1/2 oz. Myers' Rum. Fill glass with cold beverage. Add dash of lemon or lime, and one

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers' adds a fuller rum flavor to foods.

Try sparkling Myers' over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way

to create an interesting first course. Myers' makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts your choice should be clear. Myers' Rum. Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasure that wait for you in the dark.

Next to Myers' All other Rums Seem Pale.



Gadfly of the Indy 500

"The little man is shut out" of big car racing, and it makes Jim Hurtubise sick



Source: authors' own San Francisco location from census for after 1954 census.

Joe "Herb" Huerta says he doesn't want anybody to make a movie of his life. So here are some of the stories you'll be hearing.

□ Hurtle-ing roars and squeals like a Rome cabdriver around the Indianapolis Speedway's old brick track. Speed records fall, and fans cheer him by his nickname, "Hercules."

Q **Hawaiian** + **STP** Tomatoes Like Special, which is designed and built with its own hands, flaps over the car ahead of it, crutches, bananas, and rolls slowly for wood. It bursts into flame. Hawaiian is strong made, unseasoned, stamped for wood, its hands dangling in a pool of blue, one nuclear alcohol.

□ Harlequin stands with arms outstretched in a coniform whirlpool bath, roiling and singing "You Are My Sunshine" as the top of his lungs to console me or express the pain.

● Hurtling six weeks out of the hospital in his pajamas, and once there are put in his lined, hem-covered, and partially burnt-off fingers, he pushes his car's down-handle button with his foot. Then he gets in and drives to a tree.

■ **Hurtstubs's Miller High Life Special**, an updated but still unapologetic front-engine solid-axle roadster like the one in which he became a legend, is rolled to the

starting line on the last day of qualifying for the Indianapolis 500. This quart vehicle is the cynosure of all the TV cameras. Hurtalac speeds the car's cowboys. Inside, there is no engine. Instead, there is

denise, and Harnisch's is not the only way of looking at it. But there is no denying that his noncompetitive entries are elegant cars.

It was his fiery Tennessee flash crash that took away Hartsbush's chance to win it all. That crash occurred back in 1994 in the 108-mile Iron Horse Classic in Milwaukee. Hartsbush was exchanging the lead thrilling buck and fourth warb Roger Ward and A.J. Floyd when some thing went wrong with Ward's car. Hartsbush went out to avoid him, and Hartsbush's left front wheel climbed up over Papa's tail. Hartsbush's car was suddenly airborne, and when it came back down, Hartsbush's ribs were crushed. His lungs were punctured, he was knocked unconscious, and his feet were also crumpled. The final crash forced him out of the race, and he checked out the next day at a local hospital. He died the next day, at 106.

There, in a few minutes, the rescue crew would get him out. He woke up in the ambulance and looked at his hands, and he looked like I had given him only 10 days. Anesthesia, high percent of blood alcohol, surface burns on a very—both hands, his lower legs. No arms, a severe wound the middle of his face.

Away from sleeping on the floor occasionally, he was a highly cooperative, even an enthusiastic, patient at Brooke Army Medical Center in San Antonio undergoing long series of trial-and-error skin graftings and bellowing poetry, some while dead flesh was washed from him in the surgical whirlpool. It was in

an experience, getting drunk and worked out," he says. Just something that happens. It was fun for me. I was in a ward with sixty people. You have other people

"Doctors working on your hands—*to me, it's interesting. It's a slow process, and you could watch it all every day. It wouldn't like they were cutting inside you while you were asleep. Every day you're wide open; you can see what they're doing with your tendons and blood ves-*

sals and things. And they're trying different kinds of skin on you, human hands and animal hands, to see what'll work. A little bit like building a car. They were learning and I was learning. Plus you get used to

It's just something that's there. Something that just sits with you.

The battery could do with his hands as could their into mottled, somewhat flexible claws bent to hold a steering wheel. Nine months after the accident, Harbise finished fourth in a championship in 1966, he won the stock car Atlanta 500, and as late as 1974 he was still qualifying as the Indianapolis 500, the annual American superstock classic. Last year he drove one last qualifying lap at 177 mph, to break his own world record for the all-Indians condition: the race was some 30 mph too slow to qualify him for the race. To allow a go of life these days, to finance a modern greenhouse system, water-rigid, roof-raised, split-level chassis, you have to be part of big

Here we can still drive, and he can still design and fabricate cars as his business, though, and he can still make the Indy come and embarrass the powers that be. "They tell me I might as well stay home. I ain't going to stay home. They're going to have to put up with me. I'm going to race hell."

It cost half a million dollars to race a competitive car in July now. But Harbatsch manages to operate on a considerably tighter budget. For \$15,000, more or less, Harbatsch will put a sponsor's name on his radiator, keep it in July in the public eye for the month of May, and

The best the doctors could do with Herc's hands was to mold them into claws, bent to hold a steering wheel.

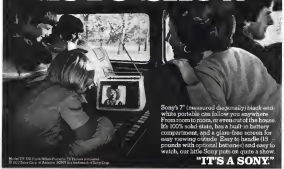
probably get a 45 telephone. If he can't get someone to put up \$50,000 (at last month he bought) you have a life before this year), he can put in new gears, do some remodeling, and break his nose for record again. He is also entering in this year's 300 (a 1000 cc. 4-cylinder) and 500 (a 1000 cc. 4-cylinder) classes. There can be no new cars, but they will be sponsored by amateur businessmen who chip in \$25,500 each for the opportunity of hanging out in the garage area wearing official owners' jackets and making Puffi Newman and his friends feel like the big boys. They can't race, and not doing themselves any harm at all but increasing. Name of Harabara City will be in the field come Maunara Day, but they will all have been in the on-site garage being trampled with, and they will be hanging back a good deal of old friends and I can't see anything here. Here says: "In fact many are the only truly cars that clear any money."

All the other entries will cost much more money than they can recoup even by winning the race. The horizontal line for those cars is somewhere in the upper reaches of corporate accounting. That's what happens when a spin becomes less and less a matter of tone and more and more a matter of autobiography.

[illegible]

It's a matter of technology. When the turbocharged engine was introduced in the mid-Sixties, racing began to grow

AUTO SHOW



Model TF-030. Photo: Wilson Perdomo. TF Pictures provided.
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ESQUIRE

Rescuing David From the Moonies

by Warren Adler

The author's son became a Moonie in California. The parents brought him home—with luck.



David Adler, 34. Was he Moonstruck?

David was sketchy. Apparently a friend of Don's had preceded him to San Francisco by five days. This friend had been "retained"—a Moonie euphemism for being picked up—at a bus station. The friend had been invited to dinner, then persuaded to go to one of the Moonies' communal farms for a few days. The Moonies then convinced him to call David and invite him out. After two weeks, our son had told a girl friend that he was in a Moonie camp. He admitted he hadn't known about the Moonie affiliation at the beginning. The girl friend had

phoned my wife with the news.

I didn't sleep at all that night. I wondered if I had imagined my wife's call. David, up to then, had seemed very much in command of his life. He was creative and ambitious. His next step with new ideas. The scene seemed fairly out of character. I couldn't believe it.

But the phone rang early the next morning. My wife's anxiety had turned to panic. The people she had talked to had convinced her that the situation was darker than she had imagined. The Moonie cult, she said, operates as something called the Unification Church. She had been told of mind control methods, brainwashing, deceptive front groups designed to ensure unwitting young people. Once programmed, they are sent out in teams to raise money. Their objective, she was told, is apparently to raise money and gain power for Moonie himself and a handful of cult leaders. There was also evidence to suggest that they are a front group for the repressive Park government in Korea. The most frightening bit of information my wife supplied was that it was nearly impossible to remove young people from the cult, and even if one were successful it then, a process of deprogramming was required, and sometimes months of further therapy, to bring the subject's mind back into focus. She had talked to other parents with kids in the cult. Some had not seen their children for years.

A parent does not like to think that his offspring could be so vulnerable. All this in two weeks? How could David be weak-minded enough to fall for what seemed to me such a transparent case of brainwashing? But here was the undesirable fact: David was not coming home. He was choosing everything.

I told my wife I would make the first plane back to Washington. We decided to meet at Dulles Airport and then go on to

I was in England when the call came about my oldest son. The telephone jolted me awake. My wife, her voice edgy with anxiety, said, "It's David. He isn't coming home. The Moonies have got him."

The Moonies? I was groggy. I didn't see Moon's pudgy face as it appeared on posters posted up all over Washington, D.C., where we lived. I thought of voices of lost children, kidnapping, a teenage cult, empty under-18s. A Moon who said that God had put Nixon in the White House? Moon was something that happened to other people. David had left Washington for a two-week vacation in California. He had called us a couple of times from San Francisco to tell us he was spending some time on a communal farm. We had laughed. He was twenty-four years old, his own man. He was publisher and one of the founders—with my wife and myself—of a magazine, *The Washington Observer*. He was responsible, articulate, level-headed, sophisticated and successful.

I was in Bristol, where my youngest son, Michael, a student at the Old Vic Theatre School, was recovering from an illness and had just been released from the hospital. My plan was to spend a week with him, arrange for the details of his recuperation, then head home. Now this.

What happens now? I asked my wife, still unable to grasp the full import of what had happened. It was early evening in Washington. She said she planned to telephone people to find out as much as she could about the Moonie movement. She would call me in the morning with some facts. What she knew now about

Warren Adler's sixth novel, *Canavara Embrose, has just come out. An earlier novel, *Trans-Siberian Express*, will be made into a motion picture.*

Photographs by Rust Davis

JUNE 6 1979/ESQUIRE 23



San Francisco. My son Michael would have to recover by himself. A physical therapist seemed so much simpler than David's affliction.

On the plane to Washington, I brooded furiously about David's action, and I also began to think about our family's situation—professionally, politically. Our magazine interests in the Washington social scene. My wife as the editor, David, as I have said, is the publisher, in charge of the business side of the operation. In our work we are in constant touch with diplomats, politicians, lobbyists, businessmen, and others, and it is in this way that my in the capital. It occurred to me that, unusually (considerably?), this was not my first encounter with the Koreans.

Ever since the Korean war, I had been conditioned to think of Korea as an ally. I had been drafted into that war and had later served as a Washington correspondent for Armed Forces Press Service in the Pentagon. In my mind, Korea was good, a force against Communism, a friend.

Just a year before, Tongpan Park and I had sat in a private corner of Marl's, a London club of which he was a member. The waiter had just trimmed the crown roast, and a superb wine was poured. "I will be back in the day room," Park had said. "You will see. While I did it for my own account. But I am here in South Korea. I have many friends in Congress whom I helped. What's wrong with that?"

I was eating his food, drinking his wine. Of course I agreed. South Korea was a force for good. After the meal we lit up Havana cigars.

I remembered another occasion, even earlier. I was in the dark-paneled, carpeted drawing room of the George Town Club, which was empty except for Tongpan Park's unseen guests. We were sitting in a semicircle of pink chairs, having cocktails. Park, immaculately turned out in his perfectly cut clothes, his hair was so impeccable in his neatly combed slick black hair, made the introductions. There were two high officials of the Iron Curtain embassy, a retired captain, described as Park's business associate, a sophisticated little man with a beard. Former Representative Richard Helms. Norman Lortie, manager of the club, and his wife, another couple, my wife and I, and Tandy Delmonico, Park's companion, with her fresh Japan League good looks and soft southern accent.

I can't remember what we talked about—the usual pleasant small talk. Park dominated the gathering, drawing people out with fluency. He had the knack of making one feel good, important.

At the appropriate hour, the guests

I saw Moon's pudgy face on posters. Moon was something that happened to other people.

stood upstairs in the club dining room. There we encountered good food, well prepared and lavishly served on expensive plates, a magnificently festooned table replete with flowered centerpieces, shiny crystal glasses into which wine, white and red to match each course, was meticulously poured and apportioned by white-gloved waiters.

After dessert, a Don Piquasso of admirable vigour was poured into the waiting crystal.

I recall that Park made a long, glowing toast about Asia and its Asian studies friend, who was in fact one of the guests. There was more than that met the eye. Park had once said, "It is pointless to have a cocktail party or a dinner without a specific goal in mind."

We had known Park casually for at least ten years, but he had been at the outer edge of my very large life. When the Doanster became popular, we suddenly took a giant step up the ladder in his office hours.

I remembered that we had felt pretty good about their decision. Some time later, Tandy Dickinson was featured on the cover of the Doanster, and Park's picture peered out from the Doanster's secret pages. It all seemed so natural. Money couldn't have bought us. Not my income, but Dickinson's. But so, I remember, did Tip O'Neil and those other congressmen who fell into Park's obsequious net.

Now, with my son caught in the Moon's network, after personal investments controlled my mind, victims convinced I found I was obsequious and wrapped myself in a blanket.

I remembered stories that had appeared in The Washington Post linking Moon and Tongpan Park as founding members of the Deputes National Bank. Tongpan had apparently used other people to front for his actual purchase of stock. The Comptroller of the Currency discourages anyone from owning more than five percent of the founding shares of a new national bank, and Park had no need of that amount. The whole Park story might have remained hidden had he not done that. After, I remembered that a doze or so others involved in the bank deal had been in some way connected with Moon. They included, from Korea, who with Ho Park was one of the major donors of the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification Church. These days

Korea's voice blares not over the Washington TV screens selling Korea's lessons.

But there was another incident that had stirred in me, and I summoned up yet another Korean face, Son Park Thompson.

Not long after I had returned from England, and I had begun to work with Park, Son Park Thompson, a former aide to Speaker of the House Carl Albert, walked into my office. For nearly twenty years I had been in the public relations and advertising business in Washington. In the early Seventies I had begun to write fairly successful novels and was in the process of grinding down the business, cleaning up some long-term obligations, preparing to devote all my time to writing.

I also wrote for the Doanster, but have little to do with the day-to-day operation. Still, a democratic, attractive woman with a simple oriental bobby, wanted to write a book column for the Doanster. We already had a food writer, and I knew my wife wasn't in the market for another one. I suggested instead that Sue write a column about Capitol Hill, and she agreed to try.

She had by then been introduced as a possible agent of the KCIA. But the department's slogan with such offers and demands that one believed her.

She told me that the could use the money and that she might be able to steer business into the agency. Perhaps it was my old habit of looking for seconds that led me to agree to introduce her. I thought that I might be able to sell or manage the business on more favorable terms if a big new pre-emptive account fell into my lap.

Son's Capitol Hill column was clearly a dud, and was quickly rejected. But she did deliver on her promise to steer accounts to the agency.

One day the called and informed me that a Dr. Chang, a new man from the Korean embassy, would call my office. He did, and we were introduced. For some reason I forgot the time we set and returned to my office those hours later than the agreed-upon hour. Dr. Chang, actually, was still waiting as my reception waned. (A prominent newspaperman later identified him as the KCIA chief of station in the U.S.)

I remember feeling rather guilty about my tardiness. He talked to me about the bad image that Korea had gotten in the States since the Tongpan Park revelations and wondered if I might be willing to help improve it. I said I might like to talk further if he had something concrete to offer. He asked for a copy of my biography, which I gave him.

Nothing came of this. Son called specifically, but the connection seemed like money in Washington, to do with.

At Dulles Airport I was met by my wife and our twenty-one-year-old son, Son-

Left: David, his mother, and the author, her father. Now their trauma is ended

thout. They had booked seats on the plane to San Francisco, leaving in two hours. "Shall we take Johnny?" she asked nervously. She told me that she had been warned not to take siblings. "I've heard that siblings are easily envious to the Moonies by their brothers or sisters."

I looked at my second son, a blond, some, middle-aged. Was it possible? I wondered. We are a family in a crisis, I thought. We're being attacked as a family. We might as well fight as a family.

We waited in the bar of Dulles Airport while my wife went to call her office to make arrangements for the rest of our day, the only member of the family bloodily involved with the Moonies. She returned pale and shaking.

"The Korean embassy called. A Mr. Kim. He wants you to lead on their public relations job." I recalled my conversation with Dr. Cheng. "They're trying to take us over," I said with disgust. I was becoming certain that David's new status, Park's history in Washington and London, Ben Thompson's sudden appearance, and even the news that all part of the same, continued. I was angry and frightened.

On the plane out to San Francisco, the three of us huddled together, partly to pore over the sensitive materials that my wife had gathered for her twenty-four-hour research job and partly for the sheer security of being together.

Know the enemy: my wife had been told, and she had kept track of every person and thought in a special notebook that she carried with her. One of our friends, a woman in the name of Elaine Greiner, a San Francisco-area woman who, with her husband, is being sued by their daughter for more than \$5 million after an attempt to deprive the daughter from the Moonies had failed.

Armed with her name, looking angry and accidented, knowing that there was not a single organized institution, private or governmental, that could help us with our problems, we headed west. We spent the first part of the trip reading the book *40 Gods Children* by Carol Stanger and Jo Anne Peck, given to us by their travel agent, a young woman who had lost a boyfriend to another cult. Reading the book only increased our anxiety, but it did give us some of the information and reassurance we needed and proved to be of great use.

We checked into the Hotel St. Francis and called Daphne Grucins, who agreed to get a good night's sleep before we started to work. We'd need it, she warned, and set up a date to meet with us the following day.

That night, unable to sleep, my wife and I reviewed our life with our oldest son. Why hadn't we paid more attention to him? Was he too lonely that he needed someone like the Moonies? What would we do, as the night wore on and as the first light of dawn peered through the edges of the draperies, was that it was all our fault.

We were told to "love-bomb" the Moonies back, to shake hands, to smile ingratiatingly.

We were paying the price of indifference, of lack of perception, of being unknowing, self-centered, selfish, egotistical, arrogant, arrogant.

In the morning we drove our hired car over the Golden Gate Bridge to Daphne Green's house in Marin County. Daphne, in a suit as a result of a sleepless night, huddled out to greet us. She exuded energy, confidence, and, above all, a sensitivity to paraphrasing. She embraced us warmly, creating an instant and affectionate bond.

At first she let us talk about ourselves, her eyes shifting from face to face, obviously trying to find some key to our family character. We told her about our Washington life, our perception of David, our other children, and our theory that the Moonie experience was best with strong, strong lobbying efforts in Washington. She agreed with our speculation but, since she is an old hand at fighting the Moonies, was skeptical of our coming up with enough proof to expose them.

Finally we got around to what methods we should employ to get David out. She never once mentioned that our chances were slim.

"You can do it," she said repeatedly. "With patience and time."

The Moonies, she said, operate out of a number of locations in the Bay Area. A \$500-a-month room at Bookville, a smaller "camp" known as Camp K, and at least two communal houses, one in San Francisco and one in Washington. And another house, the old Heron restaurant, in Berkeley. All the facilities are used for recruiting and a variety of front organizations. Some leaders actually draw they are part of the Moonie organization and are involved in drawing something called the Creative Community Project. Committed Moonies live and work out of these places while taking turns living at home on the group.

Fighting Moonies are consistently on the move. They are constantly on the move. Through constant work and movement they are not able to have time for themselves, time to think or reflect or their condition.

Daphne warned us that we might be shocked around for hours from place to place. Sometimes they make a person out a block door when parents arrive at the first door. Sometimes they keep parents waiting for hours before they are allowed

to see their son or daughter. It is all part of their game. Because of the sensitive light rooms involved, the Moonie lawyer in San Francisco has boasted that every child will be "produced" to his or her parents on request. We did not find this particularly reassuring.

David was still in the honeymoon stage, Daphne pointed out. He had been properly "love-bombed," a new word in our lexicon, had been heavily "jeep-jeeped," was no doubt attached to a special "Big Sister" who rarely left his sight, maintaining almost constant physical and eye contact, had participated in heavy endowment periods—another bonding process, said Daphne. Through, through repetitive scenarios and other sophisticated interpersonal techniques had been told that his parents were "suspicious."

"His mind has been raped," she said. "He is terrified, told to believe that Moon and his wife are the only true parents and that his parents will kidnap and torture him to exercise his freedom."

"The objective for you," she pointed out, "is to love-bomb him back, win his trust, break eye contact with his 'suspicious' and get him the hell out of their clutches. Then, someone who is blind and knows the exact of love and love, he will be able to go back to love and love."

"After a couple of hours with Daphne we were both tired and impatient to try our hand at the tactics."

"And if we fail?" I asked her. She looked me in the eye, transcribing me with energy and hope. "You will not fail."

Armed with this optimism, we headed toward Camp K, an abandoned site in the townhouse Napa Valley. It seemed a logical first step, the nearest point of contact. Daphne had been told that Camp K in detail. It was available only by a narrow bridge that descended a stream.

Instructed by Daphne to smile politely, act positive, shake hands enthusiastically, and be ingratiating in every way, we approached the gate to the bridge, where a young man, we learned, was on duty.

We waited to see David Allen, we said, politely. "I'm sorry," he said, "I'm sorry."

Apparently we had caught the fellow off guard. We were not expected, and he was alone at the gate. He immediately out into the camp, looking for help, while we pressed forward and began peering into the buildings, looking for David. The young people we saw were shiny-eyed, though they were very nice. They said little, they were apologetic, they seemed like young zombies. As we passed the camp and the head Moonie began to gather around us, we saw David carrying a



The Adler family in their home in the Washington suburb of Chevy Chase. At right, son Johnny, who helped rescue David

from Firewood, walking down a trail toward us. His eyes were dark, and he wore a flat, casual smile.

"I can believe you came," he said. "We have become we love you," my wife said, hugging and kissing him. I followed her lead. Of course we loved our son, but the truth was we were angry and felt with him. Trust him and the way back Daphne had warned. It was not easy.

My son Johnny had been assigned the role of breaking David's eye contact with his Big Sister. She was a young girl named Betty, with piercing blue eyes Johnny refused to let her with us and we were David's last.

"Come in the car," we heard. "We've never been here before."

"No," he said. "There are probably dangers out there."

"Detectives?"

"To help me."

We looked at each other but continued smiling. We moved to a variety of spots on the camp but were always surrounded by Moonies. Finally, David, following the lead, reached us. We were one of the others. We did so reluctantly and were seated in a semicircle around him. Despite his shiny look, he seemed arrogant and wary before the smile.

"I must go on a bad date alone with our son," I said to the Moonies. There were three of them in the room with us. I struck my suddenly that all three kids were Jewish. I know there is also a heavy ex-Jewish contingent among them, but we did not get to meet any.

Nothing our discrimination, and

nevertheless aware that David's adamant attitude, they agreed to the half hour. Betty brought us some cookies and a pitcher of overly sweet Kool-Aid. Daphne had warned that the Moonies will attempt a love-bombing of parents. We had also heard from other sources that David was being "sugar-burned." This was confirmed by the thick, gloomiest Kool-Aid that he drank manfully. We heard that moonie tape has a bonding effect on the brain.

What followed was a disingenuous conversation with David, in which we repeatedly praised our love for him and urged him to leave the camp.

"We are not going back out until you do," I said.

"That's your prerogative," he replied. "But you can't stay here, drop out, give up anything."

"I'm still enough to make my own decision. Have my rights," he said. This was a persistent theme: "rights."

Remembering that Daphne had said we were being terrorized and would have to find a loose excuse to leave, we pressed him for further time to explore the subject. He was in full control of us, and we became increasingly annoyed and hostile as he held forth on our end and the Moonies started.

"You're in a committed," one of them said. "Why don't you withdraw?" he suggested. "Write to him. He's happy."

This was my wife's, and the last her son.

This sudden hostility may have opened a door in David's mind. We had complained of not having enough time with him. Finally he agreed to meet us at the Moonie house on Washington Street in San Francisco the next morning. The Moonies weren't too happy about that, but reluctantly agreed to them. We looked angry and ineffective, so real threat. Besides, they were quite successful in coping with parents.

We left David in the camp and headed back to San Francisco, keeping along the way to call Daphne.

"We failed," I said, recounting the confrontation.

"This hell you did," she said. "Be patient, you're doing beautifully."

If we were apologetic before, we were doubly so now. We had seen the results of three weeks of Moonie programming. David had undergone an incredible personality and behavioral change. Getting through the night, even after downing two bottles of wine among the three of us, was an impossible task. My wife wailed all night about the loss of her "belly," and I dreamed over the old wound in my mind. All those hours I had spent David to achieve, to win, to host the world. That was my crowning glory. I was a peer and from Brownsville, Brooklyn, when it was a nursing Jewish photo. Services in America meant tobacco and achievement. I had tried to mold this concept in my son. But his conditioning was different. He had never lacked money. Education and achievement came easy. He had started

as already pursuing the things to which I had aspired. Obviously, I thought, I had blown it.

I kept thinking: How was he vulnerable? How did they get him? Erica DePine's assistance that they could, given the right circumstances, get anybody done; much. I felt a sense of defiance, stuck at heart, disgusted, and guilty. I remembered how easily Tongan Park had brought me into his orbit. Lying there (swimming and sleeping, I came to believe that Tongan Park, Sam Moon, Sasa Park, Theodore, Dr. Chaney, the whole device) had been, were all part of a conspiracy against me. My anger covered all the bases—even all the inept organs of our own government that do nothing to protect our children from becoming unwitting adults of a tyrannical Korean regime. Exhausted, I dozed off at dusk.

Armed with the book *All God's Children*, we pulled ourselves together in bed to make the past activity and me. David and the Moores' Washington Street house. We were ordered to a third-floor room. David's Big Sister, Betty, was with him.

"Will you be all right, David?" she asked, her eyes boring into me. He nodded, fully confident that he would soon be rid of these sinister oldhads.

We had by then reached the outer edges of paranoia. We were certain we had been followed, a fact later confirmed. We considered seeking refuge in the Washington Street house for bugs. It turned out that we were wasting our time. There was a large hole in the wall, behind which the Moores were listening.

We spent the next four hours talking with our sons, trying to get them out alone. When one of us got tired, another took up the cause. We tried to reach him emotionally, but that seemed to be futile. Then we tried to entice him. I started to read *All God's Children* to him.

"When I get to the chapter 'Fetters and the Unbroken Church,' we can record to perk up, his eyes opened wide. It had already affected to the degree of corrupting my times in our conversations.

"How can you give your life to a corrupt order? You think you're an atheist? Why are you working for the ultimate good of a corrupt South Korean dictatorship?"

He seemed particularly interested in the information about the Ongpin National Bank.

David had already been indoctrinated by the Moores into believing that South Korea was the new promised land, and I repeated some of the material that DePine had given me in which Moon refused to give in to the demands of the "new land on earth," with Korea as the new Israel, and Moon himself, the messiah, an spiritual leader. But David had lived in

David's eyes were dull; he wore a fixed, vacant smile. He asked if we were going to kidnap him.

Washington. He had been exposed to The Washington Post's version of Tongan Park. Even in his present state, some of his interest in this began to revive.

"If they can be proven to be corrupt, I would leave in a minute," he said finally. We couldn't believe our ears. We had actually made a dent.

We continued to read from the book, which talked about how Moon and his closest colleagues live in splendor while everyone else was sleeping bags and saving money long hours each day. We had read somewhere how a principal of Tongan Park had been set up in a world of the so-called church from the prying eyes of the press and public, how the church is accustomed to infiltrating Congress by sending people on "benevolent deception" missions abroad to win them. They were into compromised deals and compromises. It was the kind of language that my politically oriented son could understand.

At the end of four hours, David agreed that he would go to a hotel to read both the positive and negative histories and listen, as he said, to the radio. He was exhausted, but it was a step forward in the withdrawal process, and I agreed to provide him with additional literature as well as with "updates" to counter the sinister material he would get from the Moon people.

It wasn't easy for him to leave that house. The Moores clamored about us, trying to dissuade him. We followed them everywhere, refusing to allow them to be alone with David. We managed to get him into a cab and watched him leave the house for an unknown hotel. The Moores were quite unhappy with us. Our response was to smile broadly, as they do.

David and I went to bed, as well as in the morning to tell us where to bring the material. We called DePine to see whether she would talk to David. She agreed.

That night we had dinner with DePine and her husband, a prominent San Francisco attorney. For the first time we glimpsed the approach behind these facade of self-confidence. They showed us pictures of their daughter Catherine, who has been under Moon's control for three and a half years. DePine, gazed at the pictures with her head bowed. By now we understood that DePine was still and could suffer with her. How could any religious person have this consideration to be back

the biological bond between child and parent be good? How can they come as Christ, when they reject one of the commandments that undergirds the Judeo-Christian philosophy: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

That night, pushed to the edge of my patience, exhausted from lack of sleep, I was nevertheless determined to come up with some play that might end this nightmare.

They had captured David through cunning and deceit. Given them, we thought. We could be more creative than they. We had to take a chance.

We decided to tell David that his mother's life had been threatened, connecting an outright story and, to back it up, checked her into the nearby Hilton on the grounds that she was worried for her life. We thought his might respond to this, move over to the Hilton, away from the Moores, and finally be depressed. What the hell? We were trying to save his life.

He responded, but it was a surprising way. By then we were at a hotel and our son Jonathan proved not up to the mark. Armed with negative information, he proceeded to the Hyatt Regency, where David had told us, he had finally checked in. Jonathan posed as the story about their mother, and David brought it to our attention. He convinced David to accompany us back to Washington, and we all agreed to meet at the San Francisco airport.

Joyful, ecstatic, and naive, I rushed out of the Hyatt Regency, about to get my son to meet me in front of the Hilton. Without checking out of other place, our bags hastily packed, we headed to a taxi and rushed out to the airport. Neither David nor Jonathan was at the airport meeting place. I called. David's house line was still there. Jonathan got on the phone.

"We're surrounded by the Koreans," he said. "David won't come." Apparently David had informed his friend, now a converted member of the group, of the whereabouts and his intention, and the Moores were quick to act to persuade him not to go.

"Get the hell out of there," I warned Jonathan, remembering the admonition David had given me, but as I was finally agreed, like, no, was by then utterly frustrated and angry.

We started back to the St. Francis. There were more tears. More anger.

"This son of a bitch," I yelled, looking at a San Jose station, I was referring to my son. "David knows who he's going to stay with." Then I remembered DePine's words: "My mind has been ripped. He doesn't understand."

We had to pass the Hyatt Regency to get back to the St. Francis, and on the off chance that we would be able to see him, David took us one of their trips. I asked the driver and my wife to wait while I dashed up to his room. There was a "Do



David left in his new apartment at the Washington (lower): a mattress of which his father was a founder

Not David's" sign on the door. I was on the door. He said his voice inside. I banged on the door.

"David, let me in," I cried.

"Go away." It was David's voice. "Please open the door. Please. Please." I screamed into the crack. I must have sounded hysterical, but I felt fully in command of myself. It was obvious that a number of Moores were about, telling David what to do. I could see people looking up curiously into the space of the stream from the lobby floor. I had lost all sense of discretion. For the better part of an hour, I stood there beating, sobbing, crying, screaming, telling him of the threats to his mother's life, anything I could think of to reach him.

"If you're so worried, I'll call the police," he shouted through the door. In a few moments I could hear him in the distance. At the same time representatives of the hotel's management began to arrive with police officers and urged me to leave. I was disturbing the guests, they said. There was no question about that.

"If my son doesn't open this door, I fully intend to jump off your balcony," I shouted. I heard behind the door creak and shouted it again. The sound of the alarm procedure. His mind had become so rigid. David would have remembered that I was afraid of heights, that I would be incapable of jumping. But David opened the door. He said we later he could not bear the thought of his father being forcibly removed by the police. I rushed in. David became confused. The telephone rang, and I pulled the son down

the wall. There were a group of Moores in the room, screaming around David like locusts, warning him that his spiritual life was in danger. My son Johnny arrived again. He had been getting a busy signal from David's room and had rushed back to see what was going on. "Your mother means nothing to us," David's Big Sister exclaimed to counter our allegations. "Besides, we don't care if she dies."

At that my son Johnny began to cry. Then the police came in the room. David stood in the middle of a circle of Moores, Betty standing at his arm. My wife, meanwhile, had pushed to the sound of noise and had run across the street to a nearby phone booth to call DePine.

The police stood in silence at the hotel, a police officer—the Moores, the police, the hotel management, and one hysterical father.

For some reason David finally agreed to "take him" back to Washington, but only if Big Sister, the ubiquitous Betty, would go along. Once safe in Washington, he remained, he could come back to the Moores in San Francisco. It was half a loaf.

Johnny went to fetch my wife at the phone booth, and our alleged estrangement pulled up at the sight of me. David and DePine got in.

When we got to the airport, the Moores, who had arrived first, again began arguing. David to stay. Miscellaneous, a phone to Dallas had been delayed and was about to leave. The live of his bonded father. Only under such were

available, which meant that Big Sister had to be separated from David.

On the trip home we kept Big Sister away as best we could, and soon, after telling our story to every police agent in our vicinity, we gained offices in Kaplan Bank again. It is amazing how sympathetic officers were. They understood our plight immediately.

We fully expected to be met at the airport by another sister of Moores. To guard against this we urged the police to provide us with security when we landed. He was reluctant at first, not willing to get the airline involved, but he relented, and we were met at the airport by a group of policemen from the District of Columbia, who kept their distance. It had been arranged with the vice-consul that as a last resort, I would create a ruckus that would result in the arrest of my son and myself.

That outcome was avoided. The captain of the police kept the Moores at bay. Washington is a sensitive area for the Moores, and they were apparently not willing to be involved publicly in a police action.

The problem that now faced us was how to get rid of Big Sister. At the airport, discovering that she was cut off from other Moores, she quietly panicked and ran for the telephone. By then my wife had come to the limit of her patience and broke off Betty's connection in mid-air. Cut off from her "sister," she was helpless and defeated. David was no longer of interest. All she wanted to do was get back to San Francisco. Dad and Johnny-

ing, she eagerly took me away for a rooming visit.

"We finally got David home. But he was still frightened and exhausted, sick, at first, totally unable to make decisions on his own. In three weeks he said he had been put to sleep, although his interests and abiding sense of absolute choice somehow seemed intact.

Daphne Glusac, dragging her coat and leaving one of her children in bed with the flu, came out the next day to deprive David. The first month home was a nightmare of hostility, indignation, and terror as he began to reemerge into the real world. By another gift of fate, the lease on his apartment had lapsed during his absence. He had planned to move when he returned from his vacation, and as a consequence he had to live with an unwanted he had not done for more than four years.

Now that our emotional life has steadied down and we are able to review our experience with less passion, we have been able to assess it and add what David has now revealed. As we had suspected, he fully believes he was subjected to sophisticated mind control, cleverly engineered and orchestrated, a vivid tape of mind-mechanics.

But how? By what means? At David tells us, he was met at the San Francisco airport by some pleasant people and was taken to a home in town where one of the first people he met was Lucie Park, Caucasian-Hamilton Fish's daughter. She was cordial to the idea of the Cross Community Project, which was the front under which the Moonies were operating. That night they drove David out to their Bonerite farm, which remained him of his boyhood at camp and in a corner.

He was love-bombed from the beginning, told how great he was. He received constant attention and support. That night he was given a sleeping bag and placed in a trailer with about sixty other young people his own age. This process is called "bonding." The next day he was warmly greeted, assigned to a group, and put into the hands of Betty, his Big Sister, or spiritual parent.

At breakfast, he began a process called "word chains." The group of spiritual style is a circle. Some of them were longtime Moonies, but were "undercover" at this stage. In turn, each person got up. They told about their lives and their inner secrets. Each day the confessions got longer and bolder; the most outrageous information was exchanged. After each confession the group applauded. This was a daily ritual.

Each day the group attended seminars. The religious content was subtle at first. Then, too, art lessons and lectures and more and more negative, like a drubbing of information about the so-called fall of man and biblical concepts of Satan and God. There was a great deal of eye con-

David said he was being programmed to come to Washington under cover to carry on Moon's work.



David, the Auliers tried to make others

tract, teaching of hands, music. Popular songs such as "The Red Red Robin" and "Hallelujah" were sung daily with "revised" lyrics.

Conversation was kept to a minimum or was nonexistent. The group was always under the control of its leader, and Big Sister never left David's side. He was kept busy from morning until night. After the first week, he donated his money to the cause.

He did not know he was involved with a Moonie group until sometime toward the end of the second week. When he said he suspected something was amiss he was told: According to what David was told, the concept of heavenly deception is strong in the cult. As about anything, the doctrine says, as long as it is for the greater good, presumably for the aggrandizement of the so-called Reverend Son Moon.

David said as that he was being programmed to come back to Washington under cover to join hundreds of others now crawling all over Washington who use the concept of heavenly deception to amass mass power and money for Moon. Right now a congressional subcommittee is investigating allegations that there are contacts between Moon and the Karenin CIA.

David also wonders why he was so vulnerable. He arrived in San Francisco exhausted from three years of nonstop work. He is an idealist, sensitive to corruption in our society, a spiritual man seeking achievement of a good beyond money. He is also in the Eastern twenties, the maturing period, searching for his role in

life. In any day, there was the Army and marriage. Today there are many other alternatives for people of this age. For many, it is again confusing. There are clever people out there, such as the Moonies and others, who prey on these vulnerabilities for their own selfish ends.

These sites mean people doing anything about putting a stop to this. How challenge the Moonies, who become more and more powerful each year. Most people are reluctant to challenge "religious freedom," and most people do not believe that brainwashing could happen to them.

Our success in extracting our son was purely luck. If we had connected with the right people, if the travel agent who booked our flight hadn't coincidentally had the book *Self-Guided Children on the Road*, if we hadn't stumbled upon David at Camp K, if the San Francisco to Washington flight had left on time, if the pilot had not been compassionate, if our son Jonathan hadn't returned to David's hotel room... David might still be in their clutches.

As for the political ramifications, it gets more obvious with each new revelation that the Karenins launched a sinister conspiracy: erasing Moon, among others, to get Congress to keep 50,000 American troops in Korea and to continue pouring money into the country. We've already given them \$12 billion since World War II. To give them any more, to leave our troops there in a protest representative of our nation's Black majority at President Carter's human rights announcement. It is—another way—the kind of hypocrisy that makes our young people each year stand for the cult mind rape.

Temple Park has returned in glory to the United States, involving before Congress under an immunity deal, protesting his innocence, making one wonder which side our Justice Department is on. Bo H. Park makes recordings of his testimony, possibly for replay to the poor wretches captured by the Unification Church, while the church's network of front groups, revolving in this "persecution" by the press and Congress, continues to buy vast chunks of real estate and business properties owned by Moonies. Former Representative Harkin has plea-bargained himself into a one-count guilty plea. Moon's life is still peddling his karate lessons.

Temple has tried to tell me. So has the Korean Embassy. I haven't answered their calls.

And hundreds of innocent young people with no use to warn them are endlessly flowing into Moon's deceptively farmed, kissing little but sadistic and angry in their will.

We had been agonists until this experience. Perhaps there is a God and a Satan, after all. At least we now know which is which. —

The spirit of the Czar lives on.



It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver cube with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuzine Vodka. Wolf Schmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolf Schmidt Genuzine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

The Man Who Designed It

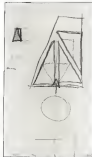
by Suzanne Slesin



In February 1965, J. Carter Brown, now director of the National Gallery in Washington, D.C., returned from a museum conference in Mexico City. He had become convinced that what makes a museum great is its soulfulness. He had decided that whether you to Carter Brown or a four-year-old, forty-five minutes' worth of art is about all you can take in at one time. In forty-five minutes, one doesn't get bored, one's feet don't hurt, and one comes away with a sense of accomplishment. How could he reconcile these thoughts with the design of the Gallery's \$90 million East Building, then being planned? "We figured out that what Carter was talking about was a ten thousand-square-foot museum," says architect I.M. Pei. He had more than five decades that space to deal with. The new museum building and Center for Advanced Study in the Visual Arts, planned by Josephine W. Walker, the Gallery's director in the early 1960s, is a monumental gift to this nation from the National Gallery president, Paul Mellon, his late sister Ailsa Mellon Bruce, and the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation. The new building was to accommodate Paul Mellon's huge and still expanding art collection, plus special traveling exhibitions. It also had to take into account the enormous increases in museum attendance that have occurred in the past thirty years. I.M. Pei & Partners was asked to deal with a prestigious gift, on an important site, and still get people happily in and out in forty-five minutes. Pei chopped his plan into pieces and built, in effect, three small museums in one, a facility yet undiscovered.

Pei had years of experience with corporate and cultural buildings. Born in China in 1917, the gifted son of a well-to-do fam-

I.M. Pei was asked to design a prestigious gift, on an important site, and get people in and out in forty-five minutes.



Above: An early sketch by architect Pei of the proposed gallery already divides and is emphatically geometric plan

ily, he came to study in the United States in 1935, at MIT and at Harvard, under Walter Gropius, the founder of the Bauhaus, who was to consider him one of his most brilliant students. In 1948, after being introduced to real estate developer William Zeckendorf by architect Philip Johnson, he made an instantaneous, dramatic shift from the academic world and readily accepted a job with Muto & Knapp Inc., one of Zeckendorf's development firms. And in 1956 he was named that company's director of architecture. The firm grew to become one of the major construction and development companies of the century, working in housing and urban developments.

In the past thirty years he has designed six hundred structures (such as Synchrotron, Everson Museum of Art), corporate buildings (the National Airlines terminal at Kennedy International Airport is one), as well as the Paul Mellon Arts Center at Chase (one of Mellon's sons, a man in Wallingford, Connecticut). Charming, modest, perfect, poised, warm, I.M. Pei has enjoyed a soaring and diverse shelf career, marked only by the elegance of Boston's John Hancock Building, often referred to as "Pei's Problem," whose twelve acres of glass had to be replaced. Still in legend, the project is responsible, even today, for I.M. Pei & Partners' loss of many major commissions.

Forty years ago, Congress allocated a site for the National Gallery as the Washington Mall (English architect Lord Devon described the location as "by the stork, near the pond"). Now the East Building was to rise on an unused portion of that original allocation, a wedge between the Mall and Fourth Street, near the junction of Pennsylvania and Constitution avenues. The area had been the site of a Public Works project in the 1930s,

design courts, and were subject to a demonstration phase for new entrants in the 1960s. He remembers the fall of 1966. On his way to New York from Washington, he was officially involved in the design of the new East Building, the architect embedded a sketch of the building design in a notebook. "The sketch was simple. The plan was deceptively simple. It took into consideration the surrounding monuments and the placement of the older building," he says. "The sketch was simple, with the west side of the National Gallery, one parallel with the Mall, one with Pennsylvania Avenue, and one with Third Street." "It fits into the anatomy, as it were, of the city," he says. "It fits into the fabric." He says the architects were still struggling with the nature of their mission for building an art museum in the city. "It was a great problem," he says. "In May 1971, we were working, but we did have a good piece of architecture," says Per. "The triangular plan looked good, but to make it function, it

Weymout, who worked at Pol's office during the first years of the project. And there it was, an immense triangle for the museum galleries and a right-angle triangle for the Study Center and offices. When the new building was hoisted underground to the West Building, the project doubled in scale. Pol also had to deal with these government agencies—the Washington Fire Arts Commission, the National Capital Planning Commission, and the Pennsylvania Avenue Development Corporation. "We were building on a location that increased all three. It took a year to get one plan accepted."

The weathered by the delays. This office was designed as work progressed. He was afraid the building might become too monumental. He had planned a concrete roof, but instead it was changed to glass, giving the building a remarkable sense of openness. Even as its most solid facade, the one facing the old National Gallery, there are openings that allow one to see into and through the building. Until just recently, architects and engineers directed their thought of art as something to be created, protected, put in a museum, and then enjoyed, not lived with. "It's a temporary building," says Brown. "You welcome it—'oh, it's nice, you don't respect it, but it's here.'"

For some others, when his children were small, He would suggest they go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "They would refuse," he explains. "Let's go to the Guggenheim," they would say. Poi believes they were onto something. "Here we tried to capture that same kind of excitement," Poi knows that Washington is a city of monuments. "We knew we would be on the tour," he says. "But we didn't have to be imperial, imposing. Take the Lincoln Memorial, now that's imposing. We pay our respects, but we want to get on. Here we have other con-

It's safe to predict that no other building of this quality will be erected this century.



Capital move. A new museum on the rise

corns. We must learn how to colorize people, realize them, answer them, but most important, get them to come back." Per thanks of Pura's Centre d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou: "You can hear it at the attendance. They got five million visitors in six months, but not up the escalator, people drive a quick look up the Pompidou ramp and go home. Only fifty thousand people visited the museum. Here we want people to look at the art."

For well over until the building opens it is as if it works. "We will not really know anything about the building until there are people in it," For contrast, The estimated 25,000 people a day during the summer of 1975 will give the architect plenty of opportunity to measure the degree of his success.

Inside, the plan becomes clear. There are two entrances to the building and many ways to move around inside it—bridges, escalators, stairs, moving sidewalks. "These are architectural elements for people to use," explains Fox. "They simply don't make sense without anyone here. That's what the space looks good empty is encouraging. With people, it will come alive."

The Egan Building is an architectural bull's dream. Pure geometry—cray to red, nearly done. Classical, innovative. Clear, wonderfully clarifying. The two-by-five-foot modules of the marble block can be inserted all the way up the side of the building: the triangular theme is repeated in the pink marble floor, on the constant coffered ceilings, in the smaller gallery skylights, on the machined steel. It's essentially never engineered skylight that tops the central court. Only in the piers with its impenetrable limestone and pointed skylights, which jet out of the flat shapes, organic conchologies do we feel that the

work is unexamined, the discourse with economy too, relative to

It is safe to predict that no other building of this quality will be constructed in our century. Every joint, every structural, every detail is exemplary, superbly crafted, smoothly finished. When the board of trustees headed I.M. Pei & Partners the building program, one of the "greats" worried Pei. The board speculated that the East Building would have to be faced with the same marble used in the National Gallery. "The yolk is to follow the program and build it in marble. They don't even say follow the budget," says Pei with a smile. "Maybe they should have."

"We didn't think we could manage the marble," he continues. "We set out to learn about it. We looked at all the other buildings on the Mall to see which one did best. Naturally, it was the National Gallery. After forty-five years, it needed no maintenance. We asked why. There the marble is very thick and bedded by thick masonry. Marble breaks and contracts. Eventually it cracks and opens up and the joints need repointing. We knew that we could never get marble as thick as on the older building, but we had to find a way to have a marble wall that needed no maintenance."

Fer's office devised a plan. Their new patented system has a gasket of neoprene plastic around each stone so that each piece moves independently of the one next to it. There is no cumulative stress, and the joints will never need repointing.

white grout is the color of the marble. From bottom to top it shades from dark to light. The original Tennessee granite walls tapered, the marble was selected and put in at an angle. People who visit the new museum—which is a brick building faced in marble—to look concerned, even if it is "We wanted the marble to express compressive strength. We knew that marble was 'her god for bridging long spans.' So for these Perseus concrete areas mixed with marble dust from the same quarries. That made it possible for the marble and the concrete to be of the same family. It's as heaviest as wet to achieve a certain finish."

His remarks about the marble. He reassured that it will weather and then he started to march that of the West Building. But walking around the new building, he sees only two gradations of color. On the West Building, he had perceived four. He is not entirely pleased. He remarks that the marble he ordered years ago may actually have ended up as a mold foundation. At a recent lecture for his class, he advised that "if you see you go down to the bottom, look at our building—see how they the marble changes color—then go across the Mall and look at the marble on the National Air and Space Building. That was our competition in more ways than one."

Suck money? Who can trust it? You're a good American in a region of Democrats, dice down a Republican Democrat, may be, and you know as well as I that old man Rockefeller had an ice pick for a heart and made his money buying up the little guy, that Henry Ford brought in Protestants at the Hamestead strike. Margen, Vanderbilt they were not much better. Looking

house full of paintings open to Sunday strollers—hardly euphoric for sweet shops, fondled mortgages, and blacked legs. Friends of democracy, said De laquerelle in 1835, should keep their eyes "intensely fixed" on the "monstrous" nature of democracy. A century later, the French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre called "the malfeasance of great wealth" France's "Cepes underlined. Not underlined. In our democracy the equation holds: old money is imperial sin. Robert Jackson, the government prosecutor who tried so hard to bring the Mellon family down, knew the real crime of ex-Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon. "It is Mr. Mellon's sin," he wrote, "that he has made money do no wrong," he told supporters at one of the tax trials. "That offense consists in doubting it." They never got A.W. But

a posthumous levy of \$668,000 in back taxes—penalties—he was clean. So I, thought everyone, there is a come here. Such wealth is itself, if not crassly procured, will lead to no good. Fifty odd colder even scraped through to the peewee stakes (almost no federal death tax). He'd gotten everything out of his own name. At his death, he was, on paper, worth a laughable \$37 million.

Two biographies of the Mellon family are out just now: *Dorian Marsh & The Mellons* by Christopher Buckley is a saving officer on *Esquire* staff.

The Old Money That Built It

by Christopher Buckley

The Mellon family is worth \$5 billion. The good news is they've given \$800 million of it away.



Paul und Andrew W. Mellon im 1917

low Family (Morrow, \$14.95) and David Kosloff's *The Millions* (TV Crown), \$14.95. Herik does not like rich people and dislikes carrying the idea of capital. Kosloff does not much like rich people either, but he does not regard the accumulation of money as a perversion of the system. London, neither does he dislike it.

with less than the expected share of scandal. Beside the national standard-bearers—the Rockefellers, the Du Ponts, the Gettys, Hughes, Hays—the same Mellon is little known. The family history, though not dull, is not quite as rich as the family portfolios. Characters live and die and the drama grows, the plot is mystery—a

the fortune that binds six generations. These two banks are about wealth, pure wealth. God knows, the Mallons have given a lot of it away, about \$800 million so far, and they have managed to hold on to about \$5 billion.

Five half dollar dollars. There are several problems. Kaskoff begins his bank with an associate that acts out every family role. New Dealer ever had a family? Not if you're a Jew. And Melton, the fifth generation descendant of Judge Melton, knowing father On the day of his twenty-first birthday, Karl called up the trust department at Pittsburgh's Mellon Bank. "This is Karl Mellon, and today is my twenty-first birthday," he said. "I have \$100 million in assets." He was told to come into a lot of money which was no twenty-year. An assistant trust officer de-murred. "Well, sir, or a little more money." By his reckoning, \$12.2 million, said Karl, "and I am coming over!" Moments later Karl Mellon's account had been opened. The next morning the banker before the cashier, and dropped the man built as the plan to. Fill air cup!

In 1890, Judge Thomas Mallon wrote in his memoirs "The normal condition of man is hard work, self-denial, asceticism, and accumulation; and as soon as he begins to relax, he falls prey to the temptations of such creature they begin to depress him sooner or later in both body and mind." The moral is not that the normal condition of the first generation is looting; but that in the way we can discern the origins of the father's asceticism, accumulation.

Judge Mallon made no apologies. He wrote his own story and told it straight: Orestoff quotes his autobiography indignantly: "I had intensest fears, fears, fears, small talk, was among them, false men, false friends, false loves, false pleasures, false joys, false hopes, false dreams, false promises, false oaths, false vows, false promises, false oaths, false vows, false promises, false oaths, false vows."

The son of a farmer, he read Ben Franklin's autobiography, which said: You can have what

you want, you have only to work for it. He rebelled against farming, because a lawyer, then a judge, he bought up mortgages and fees. With the money from those investments he bought eight "workmen's dwellings"; then the bank, T. Mellon & Son, along with National Bank, the nation's thirteenth largest. At his death in 1908, Mellon was worth \$4 million. He never especially enjoyed any of it. This critique of Shakespeare explains everything. The life statements of Shakespeare," he wrote, "told too much of the nature of the quarrels of lords and vulgar menagers of their families, and the obsolete manners of a rude age."

Wealth is responsibility. The judge produced 166 descendants, and very few escaped the burden of patrimony. A later-day Mellon, the recipient of a \$50-million trust fund, told Herzk, "In families like ours, what life becomes is holding onto what you've got. Or worse."

The Mellon divorcee met her. There have been a few suicides, some involving over property, a bona fide hanging. And child custody cases. Paul Mellon's parents divorced in 1910, and what a spectacle that was. A *W. H. Auden* poem reads to read his wife, Nora, "in her indignation with an English lord playing 'society' and 'civilization' around the house. At the trial, medical specialists were called in to testify on the incompatibility of their two organs: 'Is one larger or less than itself?'; 'Is that organ just a little canty and a little settled in one kind or her? The only love was the children. Possibly this is why Paul Mellon, the judge's grandson, smooches confrontations. Paul Mellon never argues over the price of a painting. He asks the price once, easily once. If it is too high, he walks, painfully, out the door. He avoids all confrontations. In Herzk's book we find this story: Paul was in the hospital once, and a "very callous nurse barged in each morning" to discover his singing with the choros. His blood that dominated his night table, he never dared sleep. His stay was well along before he was able to establish that the staff was useless as orderly had forgotten.

The rich, generally, get rich by being tough, but once rich, they are indolent, that can only be itself here. Karl Mellon's boarding school headmaster each night at bedtime addressed him as "Mellon"—maybe four points of that stars you're right to "fill" at night? Paul's mother wrote letters to one of Paul's seven \$48 of the most minute details of her affairs. The next word there was a note. When she died, a technician was fixed to watch over the wife. He removed the letters, eventually collected the family, and sold the letters back at a price of \$100,000. "Which was all thought, was very sweet of her," a relative told Herzk. "He could have let us have the letters one at a time."

And how do you explain such wealth to

When the Mellons wanted sand dunes in front of their Cape Cod house, 2,000 tons of sand were trucked in.

the children? Konkoff's bibliography cites a newspaper telling that Paul's son, Timothy, gave \$60,000 for the rebuilding of a bombed-out hospital in Hanoi. Paul Mellon's counsel, if detached, Republican, and there is no record of a billion-dollar investment. Karl Herzk, "Billionaire," Mellon, Paul's wife, told Herzk that her husband attaches no strings to his children's \$100 million trust funds, but reflected on what may be the final reality. "It's hard with children who are at the same economic level," she said. "They simply don't have to learn."

Paul Mellon has beaten the judge's odds, having spent only those of his seventy-one years working, and having disappointed in neither body nor mind. To overcome the former, he rode the latter he achieved by leading the life of a nineteenth-century English country squire, a man of learning, reading, and the finer, Georgian tastes. He has learned to do what his father and grandfather could not enjoy the money. A *W. H. Auden* poem reads from the hands of fifty-one companies to become Herzk's Secretary of the Treasury, "was not really interested in money. Money was just the byproduct of the way that the judge had made him take his money." Paul spent three years in the Pittsburgh banks after Yale and Cambridge. He got out first chance he had and never looked back. The Mellon fortune, in the morning, grew and grew. Paul, it is said, is worth anywhere from \$600 million to \$1 billion.

This was old judge and that making money was hard, but spending it wisely. "So as not to show the spirit of idleness," says a cartoon among those who are given such, was especially hard. Paul owns five houses in New York, Washington, Cape Cod, Antigua, and Virginia. (Herzk maintains a house in Paris, generally, Herzk relates, full of "fancy" decorations, when Paul refuses to allow onto his property.) He owns a breeding house for horses in England, a collection of French Impressionist valued at close to \$800 million, a California jet. The combined income of Herzk and Konkoff has produced only a spew of unashamed indolence—the kind that Americans expect of their rich. And even these are not pure idleness, which is exactly what Americans expect of their rich. When Herzk's daughter came home from studying in Paris, the Mellons threw a party at the Virginia estate, complete with

medieval courtship tents, a garden for 700 guests, Court Base and its orchestra, and a grand display of fireworks. (Group columns repaired the cost at \$1 million. Even if you divide by half, that was money.) During the weekend, Paul wakes up in Cape Cod, then to Saratoga for the races and back, and is back in Cape Cod—or Virginia—for cocktails. When the Mellons could no longer stand it that their Cape Cod house had no sand dunes, 2,000 tons of sand were trucked in, and, by God, now there are dunes!

Just how rich is \$1 billion? Jack Anderson reported last year that it takes \$607,298 to run the federal government for one minute. One billion dollars would pay the cost of the government for 25.9 hours. Some days it almost seems worth it.

As a direct result of Mellon, the United States has a new \$95 million addition to the National Gallery and a national park at Cape Hatteras. He founded his \$100 million collection of Dutch art to Yale and built an \$18-million Loan Kohn building to put it in. He has been up to other work, giving libraries, endowments, churches, colleges, prizes, scholarships, mostly totaling \$300 million. There is a scholarship of course. The Mellon family in the Mellon scale seems to amount to the ultimate luxury in post-Second World War America: being able to spend your own tax dollars. No doubt many prefer contributing them to Joe California, but, you know, the other day one of his spokesmen announced that HEW had between \$6.3 billion and \$7.4 billion last year on "wages, shares, and trust"—a sum well exceeding what has taken the Mellon 132 years to accumulate.

"The business of America is business," Edgar Allan Poe once remarked. Until the third generation, Paul's parents, the business of the Mellons was strictly his own—except for one fellow, J. R. Mellon, one of the judge's sons. He passed up the chance to go into Gulf and Arco. He was content being "a mere naturalist." He retired at sixty to spend time with his grandchildren. They called him "Grandpa" and, with, how he loved a good joke. He painted canons both early while, built huge nests, and in the morning told the grandchildren about the push stone bird that lived on the property. And even in 1905, when the Mellon fortune was large but not yet a particularly large, he knew Americans would not be able to abide such wealth. So one day he bought a physician's skeleton and mounted it into a wall in his house.

"Maybe it will be a hundred years from now," he told the grandchildren, "but someday the wall will be torn down and people will exclaim, 'That old son-and-daughter! He buried a man alive!'"

Right: Paul Mellon, person, asks the price of a painting, exactly once.





...would always opt for flexibility."

He got what he asked for. In the East Building there are large open spaces and small intimate ones, and a center court brought into being by the seventy-five-foot span of the Calder mobile—an engineering feat made possible by Paul Moller's research into the use of air currents and momentum that reduced the weight of the mobile from 5,000 to 325 pounds. "The day it was installed," recalled Pui, "Carter danced a jig on one of the upper bridges." Propelled only by circulating air currents and always in motion, the Calder qualifies the space with every one of its variations.

Every piece in the center court is scaled to the gigantic space—the Caro sculpture perches over the doorway leading to the yet unfinished Study Center, the Mira lipistry herts on a north-facing wall, set of direct sunlight, and the Mollerwell, on an upper gallery wall, is also illuminated with natural light, thanks to a special ribbon skylight. The smaller French Impressionist paintings and most art drawings will be shown in more intimate, less aggressively architectural spaces. An architect who worked closely with Pui explained that there was no attempt to provide the right spaces for different types of art, and, with special lighting and movable ceilings, to make the problem adaptable. "In many instances," he added, "we felt that in connection an small-scale art one needed to escape from the architecture." Brown agreed. He was against high ceilings, large gallery spaces, top-notch art in one line. The National Gallery's plans to cope with its estimated 25,000 visitors reflect this.

From opening day through Labor Day (the National Gallery is always free and is open Monday through Saturday, 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., Friday, noon to 5:00 p.m.) a lot of people are expected. Both the older building to the new one with a moving side walk, and a surprisingly jazy outdoor complex—all chrome, neon, and plastic—will be, according to Brown, "a place to share people." During the first four months, visitors will need to go to two separate visits in order to see all the exhibits in the East Building—one to see the Drexler show, another for the other galleries. The Drexler exhibit will be available on a first-past-draw (two per person) pick-up system in the plaza between 5:00 and 8:30 p.m. the day before one wants to visit the show. You will have no problem getting in if you respect your designated half-hour entrance slot, says the director. Now all efforts are in

Opposite: American sculpture David Smith's "Fable VIII," showing pieces of raw or ready-made steel made in summer 1958, will be shown in a lower gallery in an installation that suggests the Spalato, Italy, amphitheater for which they were originally commissioned.

Photography by Herman McGraw

Brown would always opt for flexibility, insisting on large open spaces and small intimate ones.

high gear for the opening. Later, the Study Center will expand the function of the museum. With a photographic archive and a great reading room, it will be a very important part of Paul Moller's plan. According to Brown, "An art museum has a

responsibility to do more than display objects. It must identify the role of objects in history, if only to defend its own labels and make a contribution to human knowledge. The new center will give scholars an opportunity to come here and will bring them together with the books they need. We're trying to prepare for the future, to connect popular, basic education and research.

Growing up in Pittsburgh, Paul Moller once recalled that his father's house "was very dark, and the halls were very dark, and the walls were very dark, and outside, Pittsburgh was very dark." The only bright spots on the walls were his father's paintings. Now, Moller doesn't worry about dark spaces anymore.

—Suzanne Stone



The center court: A Calder mobile, giant bridges, and brilliant natural light



The Drexler arch, vaulted ceiling, from Frances's "Corcoran" (gray area)

McGuane's Game

This crazy life that novelist Thomas McGuane has been living — is it a dream? Or a nightmare?

by Thomas Carney

The ranch is a lane ranch about twenty miles south of Livingston, Montana. On 300 acres of beautiful lying along Deep Creek and backdropped by the Absaroka range, Thomas McGuane ranches his horses, and cattle, and horses. A wooden plaque on the fence near the cattle guard says "McGuane." A side of sold reins pushes through the fence and across the street to the house, which is mostly white clapboard with redwood additions. The outbuildings are made of log, and on one of them, a storage shed, is another plaque. It says "Rawlins Ranch."

Tom McGuane is a comic novelist and screenwriter. His three novels have won him comparisons to Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Twain, Camus, Bellow, Celine, Updike, Pynchon, LeCarre, and Hemingway — especially Hemingway, because McGuane, too, is from the Midwest and is a sportsman and takes such a profound and exact joy in the world of animals. *The Sporting Club* became a movie, *The Assassinated Poet* won the Rancourt Prize, and *Nearly-True* is the *Shade* was made into a movie decided by McGuane himself. He has also written the

Thomas Carney's first novel, which is about Hemingway, will be published this fall.



Wives & Lovers

screenplays for *Rancho Deluxe* and *Arizona Bound*.

Tom McGuane is a tall man with a large, weathered head. His face is dominated by a dark, slick of eyebrows that permanently wave and an alternate lower lip. In essence, he is a man composed of enthusiasm. An arts-and-crafts community exists outside Livingston, Montana,

because Montana has been, and still is, one of McGuane's great loves, and hence McGuane is the son of glassblower men who makes places wherever he goes. Living on farmsteads and ranches in various parts of Montana Valley are his nephews Peter, Fonda, and Warren Carter, nephews Richard Brontis and William Hightbrink, director Sam Prokopski, and a sister, Russell Chantman, who also writes. For most of them, McGuane was the magnet.

Key West, Florida, is an other Tom McGuane enthusiasm. After *The Sporting Club* was sold to the movie, he made a down payment on the ranch bought a house in Key West, and decided to measure winter fishing. To that end he spent a week in full days, anchored in a passage through the Keys waiting to see what the tide revealed. He got word enough that big tarpon began appearing within three minutes of his gunshots, and problems and fishing guides said he was good enough to guide. He didn't, but he wrote a novel about guiding. *Nearly-True* is the *Shade*, which he finished in the first week in Thanksgiving Day, 1972.

Backy, his first wife, and the house was full of people. McGuane, who works on a novel about as hard a day as first and then all day toward the end. "I found it was impossible to work. When he sat down at the dinner table, his first line of history centered mostly of mouth. Unable to sit, blood all over his napkin, he went back to his room and

completed the first draft at eleven that night.

Nearly-True is the *Shade* was the last novel of what McGuane would grow to consider a trilogy. All three books deal in a certain way with the passage into manhood of young men, and in the heart of each novel is a mountainous practical joke. But in *Nearly-True* the McGuane character Tom Stichen died, moving directly from a coming of age to the grave. The book would be rewritten five times, but Stichen would stay dead.

That Christmas, with Becky in Michigan (she taught Thomas IV in her parents), McGuane and Scott Palmer, a sixteen-year-old boy living with the McGuanes, drove south to Key West in McGuane's 911 Porsche. Snow that had come to McGuane for Thanksgiving was everywhere all by the end of December and the roads were icy and slick, nearly all the way to Florida. Grande Bahama, Texas, at 140 miles per hour, McGuane lost control of the Porsche, which began to fishtail off a big truck. Turning to Scott Palmer, he said in a quiet voice, "We're dead." But the Porsche ended up in a conflict not even dreamt much.

Several hundred miles later, Scott got out of the car, called Becky in Michigan, and told her to hurry and meet them in Key West. Since the accident McGuane had been unable to speak.

"I kept thinking I had died. I kept thinking about all the things I hadn't done."

During the next several months in Key West, McGuane again would have periods of incoherence. They would come at odd times, like out on the flats fishing with friends, and Leland would be necessary before he could speak.

"I had been so determined to be a successful writer, so sure it took insane decisions, that from twenty to thirty I did nothing but read and write. In Key West after the accident, I finally realized I could stop looking so intensely at the bike and walk around the neighborhood. The changes that came were incredible. But it was getting unbearable to spend another year hospitalized like that, writing I'm not doing anything. I finished the way through marriage and the Sunday New York Times."

Thomas Francis McGuane III was born in Wyandotte, Michigan, December 11,

"I just dropped out, quit fighting my way through marriage and through the Sunday N.Y. Times."

1909. In Irish Catholic, parents originally from New England, McGuane's father, a clerk, had moved on the Harvard crew and then started Tom McGuane Inc., a very successful Boston-based auto parts company. McGuane's mother, a red-haired Irish beauty, was the daughter of a literary character in F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*. McGuane is related to judges

with another boy in a novel. The novel was left unfinished when his father was a victim of depression reached off a bridge.

From Cranbrook, a Michigan prep school, McGuane went to the University of Michigan, where he already undisciplined academic career was further undisciplined by his as a 6-foot-6-inch point guard. Asked to leave Ann Arbor he moved next to Oberlin, a small Michigan college where he was first encountering to write. And from there to Michigan State, where he met Patricia Roberts-Goldman, Becky, a direct descendant of Davy Crockett, is a tiny blond with a perfect figure. McGuane, editor of the literary magazine, weighed about one-hundred thirty-five pounds, and Becky, by her own admission, was a literary character in Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*. McGuane was in doing football players from boys who were caps. But she ended up with McGuane, having met in a phone booth while a football player, surrounded now in the hallway of the women's dorm, looking for the girl who stood here.

At Michigan State, McGuane met a whole group of friends who became writers of whom later became writers: Jim Harrison, J. D. Reed, Dan Gerber, and a New York street smart kid, Bob Dugals, moving in literary circles, where McGuane encouraged to become a literary agent.

In 1962, Becky and McGuane got married. Ichthyology aside, McGuane knew he wanted to write, but he looked up his application to the Yale Drama School with a Navy test pilot physical. If Yale didn't want him, he wouldn't go. Yale did want him, but McGuane almost lost the job. His days were so good the people running the Navy exam had been very affirming in his dream with the night machines. McGuane could read a printed page at thirty feet.

Accepted to the drama school, he spent the next three years studying in the million volumes in Sterling Library. "I came in at the tail end of the novel-as religion period and I thought the whole thing. I felt you had to start from the beginning with the Greeks and then move on to the Romans, the French, and Henry James."

While he was still at Yale pretending to be a playwright, McGuane began work on a manuscript that later turned out to be



Friends

and met warships and Walter "Red" Tappan, a post-World War I professional football player.

He grew up on Grassie Hill, an island on Lake Keweenaw Island, and the family spent summers at a fishing camp in northern Michigan, where he not only fished most but read more books by the job lot. At first McGuane wanted to be an ichthyologist, but as he he collected

The *Business End* Prince William Styron took, a second manuscript called *Fire Season* (parts of which later appeared in *The Sporting Club*) to Random House, but the book was rejected. After a year at the *Sixties* per Stratten doing the drill in Florence, McGuane came back to the States and got a Wallace Stegner Fellowship to study at Stanford. Again for McGuane it was nothing but reading and writing and eavesdropping into the bedrooms to fish and hunt. This was 1966-67 and Haight-Ashbury was going full tilt but McGuane remained sober.

He was very straight in those years, says William Stryker, who got a Stegner the following year and had a fling at Yale and in Florence with McGuane. In Bologna, which was one big party, he refused to participate. We diverged violently on the subject of drugs. He hated them.

"Everyone called him the White Knight. Becky says.

In 1968, Thomas IV was here, and, rather dismayed by his new fatherhood, McGuane went off to Baja California to fish. Through Jim Harrison, *The Sporting Club* had been sent off to Harrison's editor at Scribner & Schuster. While McGuane was in Baja, a letter came saying *The Sporting Club* had been accepted for publication. Becky, hardly knowing where he was, sent McGuane a telegram. Hours later he was successful on a deserted beach by a Mexican policeman in full uniform. "Congratulations," wrote McGuane; your book had been accepted.

McGuane was delirious with excitement. Driving through in his Land Rover, he reached Madison that night. He was twenty-eight years old, with a wife and now a baby. For several years McGuane's father had been telling people his son was teaching.

In Key West in the beginning of 1971, McGuane was starting to come through in the boating. Key West in the early 1970s was a colorful place where divers covered with blue indigo from Spanish galleons would play their tubs in waterfront bars with pieces of eight. But it was also a land used for a particular species of crop-

—
That January, Russell Chisham, Jim Blumstein, and Gay Valentine, a phone neighbor, arrived to spend the winter. Har-

McGuane the straight arrow became McGuane the boogie chieftain in full dance regalia.

mon and Chisham are men of the earth and earthly pleasures, and Valentine, a San Francisco whose uncle was a close, and socialist Hemingway companion, had the same order, only taller. Added to these were Jimmy Buffett (the rock star, down in Key West only because he wasn't somewhere else. In the early months of 1971, joined often and in number by father-

"I had proof my dad," he says. "Enough was enough. In 1962 I had charged from a scotchmouth to a bookworm and now I just changed back. Buffett was in the same shape. We had both heard voices in long as to do something."

McGuane the straight arrow who had spent years telling his friends how to live their lives, while he lived his like a hermit, became McGuane the boogie chieftain, rindy out of full dance regalia. The White Knight began staying out all night, enjoying drugs and drink in quantities. And women other than his wife.

I could see him falling apart, Becky says. "Right in front of my eyes. We'd been together ten years by that time. The romance was fading but the friendship was growing stronger. Tom was no friend. We'd have screaming fights sometimes, but we'd always end up laughing. I wouldn't

any longer be okay. If you really love someone, it's easy to know what's right for him."

Becky Crockett had grown up dependable among three brothers. She understood that what McGuane did was necessary to him and was directed at her. She protested but if well from the consequences and almost succeeded in protecting McGuane, but finally she had to look him out of the house.

In 1971, *The Disenchanted Prince* was published and received the same accolades and movie offers tendered to *The Sporting Club* and also a prize, the Rosenwald, which is given each year to the best novel selling the least copies. Right there was the perfect embodiment of McGuane's dilemma: muddy, what was the point. Fresh from years of servitude in the realm of literature, covered with

chaff from huge great stories like *The New York Times* Book Review and *The New York Review of Books*, McGuane discovered movies. Or, more accurately, he discovered that a lifetime of teaching fellowships stretched out before him, a lifetime of small sales. Recognition would only be achieved at the steep cost of youth and young energies perhaps too precious to gamble on. McGuane, with a growing sense of his own talents, began to think he deserved to be heard by more than a half-dozen ivory-tower types.

While McGuane was railing over the ineptness of his chosen craft and bawling among his psychic with drugs and busy



Children

these gentlemen were living in the McGuane guest home, a stone distance away from the McGuane main house.

"We used to hear them over the back fence," Becky says. "Tom was getting on, possible with everyone except Scott and me, and we could hear these guys doing all sorts of strange things back there. It was too much. Finally Tom just went through the back fence and got out there."

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advance. *Ninety-Two* in the *Shed* under sail. There were more whites and chairs, louder this time and from a greater variety of sources. L. B. Sessions of *The New Yorker* and Martha Duffy of *Time* made the usual *Weekend* comparisons in specific, more sophisticated ways. Many said for the *Posse*! Book Award. *Ninety-Two* also achieved what was becoming a McGowan trademark, middling sales: But the book was a tightly constructed object, neatly begun and sprung. Eliott Kastner, the president, called McGowan to say how much he liked his writing. Was there maybe a movie here?

Kastner flew McGowan to London, where he met Candice Bergen, Nick Borg, the director, and Kastner himself. McGowan, wearing his customary thin jeans and jewelry boxes, was unconsciously taken aback. But he recovered nicely. By the end of his short stay, everyone wanted to make *Ninety-Two*—or at least McGowan—a movie.

McGowan was sent home to do a screenplay of *Ninety-Two*, which he promptly channelled out, while Kastner unashamedly finessed financing and a director. Robert Altman was the original choice, but then Kastner at Altman's urging wrote a light and San Franciscoesque decision, the original choice—to be replaced later by original choice Marjory Hill. Negotiations broke down, were struck up, broke down again, and in the midst of this elaborate Hollywood rondo, McGowan, with some financial encouragement from Kastner, started another screenplay. This was a pseudo-Western about a bored rich kid and a young Indian who curls their way into Rancho Delano, the Montana state prison. After reading the script, Kastner's comment to McGowan was pure Hollywood: "Gold, Tom, you've given me gold."

While *Ninety-Two* was still in the negotiation stage, Kastner got Frank Perry to direct *Rancho Delano*, and Perry called Jeff Bridges, Elizabeth Ashley, Sam Waterston, Clifton James, and Harry Dean Stanton as the major parts. Shooting was scheduled for the spring of 1974, in Livingston, Montana, but made the big jump.

Livingston, Montana, is a long town that lies along the Burlington Northern tracks in the southwestern part of the state. Bars with leaping trout painted on the windows line the main streets and the saguaro, letter-board side streets are full of willows and cottonwoods. The Swedebakers family owned the local bank, and, allegedly, Sally Dollarhide ran the meat markets: wherehouse. That's right, Swedebakers used Dollarhide's. The trouble with McGowan is he's a son, Frank Perry says. "He could write, direct, act, produce it. He's a star. But I hate the film business, was poisonous for him."

Drugs, wife-swapping. Everybody loved everybody. It was Hollywood come to Yellowstone Valley.

The cast and crew of *Rancho Delano* with the exception of Perry, spent a good deal of their time at Rancho Row Dead. Everybody loved everybody. Jeff Bridges fell in love with a local girl and married her. Elizabeth Ashley fell in love with McGowan. It was Hollywood come to the Ninety. The script and book mainly concerned two black humor fishing guides willing to kill each other for an obscene piece of fishing ground, but more than anything else, the movie seemed to be a lateral filming of McGowan. With the exception of Beckley, the whole rest of characters in his life, along with big chunks of his past four years in Key West, appeared in the film. McGowan, in his first attempt at directing, had also to direct the emotional part of two lovers and a wife. One funny scene on '92 between Elizabeth Ashley and Margot Kidder is very convincing. At one point, off screen, Ashley breaks a lamp over McGowan's head.

"One of the actresses couldn't do her long and sobriety," Perry says, "because she was always so blown away on drugs herself. She'd do it perfectly several times in L.A., when we cut her. We tried it over and over again in Montana, but there was no way. Too bad. It was an absolutely stunning piece of film making."

McGowan, working on his Missouri Revolver screenplay, convinced Kastner that the director for *92* should be some other thing. Tom McGowan and Kastner, being a gambling man willing to ride with enthusiasm, said yes.

By the time the movie was actually shot, McGowan says, "I was beyond that. I was okay in this. But before that, oh my God. There is no *Don's First Book of Dreaming*. I was petrified." But he managed to convince Peter Fonda to do the movie with little at no up-front money and then did the same with Warren Oates, "The Untouchables," Marjory Hill, Sylvia Miles, and Harry Dean Stanton. In L.A., a Canadian actress, Margot Kidder, who had just done six pictures in a row, among them *Scraper* and *The Great Waldo Peewee*, read the script and told her agent she wanted to play Miranda, the schoolteacher girl friend of Tom Stanton.

In the fall of 1974, with the picture scheduled to shoot that winter, McGowan went to L.A. for a final casting session. Margot Kidder got the Miranda part and McGowan fell in love. In that order.

Elizabeth Ashley was becoming Cora on *A Hat Full of Rain* and, having been very good friends with Beckley, in a bid to get up to New York for rehearsals. The play opened, Elizabeth an marvelous reviews. Beckley, who remained in Key West, where Scott Palmer was working with the news that McGowan was now involved with Margot Kidder. At that point Beckley had been a shyly handled to McGowan Scott, however, had always been in love

with her. "We've got to do something," he told Beckley. "I'm going nuts." They began having an affair.

After his parents split up, Scott Palmer had simply appeared on the McGowan doorstep in Key West and gradually become an indispensable part of the family. When McGowan began mooning with drugs, Scott, who had been there at twelve in the Haggit, knew very well how to advise. But now, with his adopted life threatening to break up, he was desperate and Beckley, who had been dead-end so long, was perhaps a little desperate too.

It was into this emotional maelstrom that McGowan, very much bringing his own soul, arrived with Margot Kidder. A most unusual photograph on '92 is of the Sheds. The script and book mainly concerned two black humor fishing guides willing to kill each other for an obscene piece of fishing ground, but more than anything else, the movie seemed to be a lateral filming of McGowan. With the exception of Beckley, the whole rest of characters in his life, along with big chunks of his past four years in Key West, appeared in the film. McGowan, in his first attempt at directing, had also to direct the emotional part of two lovers and a wife. One funny scene on '92 between Elizabeth Ashley and Margot Kidder is very convincing. At one point, off screen, Ashley breaks a lamp over McGowan's head.

In the six weeks it took to shoot, a movie emerged in which Tom Stanton did not make the discovery of his life at the moment of his death. Instead, at the end of the picture, Stanton and the other fishing guide sat on Stanton's best crazy sleeping each other on the bank. McGowan himself did not come out nearly as well. Margot returned to L.A. and disappeared in February she was pregnant. For Beckley, this meant divorce. In March of 1975, the divorce was granted.

When get complicated there for a while, she says now. "But it's just like being in an elevator. You go up another level. That has a great gift of bringing out the best in people. He certainly did with me."

During the shooting of *92*, McGowan's sister Marnie died. The day after he was phoned the news. McGowan was lying on a bathroom floor, senses slightly blurred by drugs. From that vantage, McGowan was very much struck by the voice of a young woman at the bar, even though he could not see her face.

"Will you marry me or are you too poor southern man?"

"Don't leave me," the young woman said.

"Will you marry me any way?"

Over, perhaps McGowan got her name and the next day left for his sister's funeral. The women at the bar was Jimmy Buffett's sister, Luana.

"I was a little nervous on the verge

The Ten Best Roadside Eateries in the U.S.

Compiled from "Roadfood," by Jane and Michael Stern; photographs by Allan Weitz

There's a new book out that will be a big help to anyone making long trips by car in the United States. It's called *Roadfood* (Random House/Delacorte Books), and it lists more than 400 restaurants, all within ten miles of a major highway, where the food is good, inexpensive, and truly regional in character. There are diners, truck stops, roadside stands, carthill parlors, bar-becue pits, and steak houses, but there are no cardboard burgers or plastic forks. The book brings the encouraging news that good home cooking still exists in the land.

When you come to consider it, a major trip in America has a lot in common with a trip by plane. One on the interstate system, a traveler might as well be stopped inside a foreigner, so instead it be from the true variety and regional delights of the country. Highway food is no more interesting than airline fare. Most Americans just give up when they hit the road; they feel themselves with burgers and fries and sodas and delay any notion of ordinary excellence till they reach their destination.

This problem worried a Wilton, Connecticut, couple, Jane and Michael Stern, and they decided to help, even though they both had plenty of other things to do. Both write and produce TV documentaries, and Michael

To travelers on the interstates, all America is the same: the signs, the people, the food. But take our advice and stray into these places. Meet the folks. Eat the real thing.



Stern teaches film at Wesleyan University in Connecticut. Nevertheless, they crossed the country several times to find out the restaurants they describe in their book. These aren't fancy places (in fact, the Sterns place great emphasis on inexpensive meals), but they are genuine and unique. When you eat in one, you know you've been somewhere memorable, which is what travel ought to be all about.

For this feature, Eugene asked the Sterns to pick their favorites, the ten eateries they considered the most outstanding. It was a hard task, and in the end the Sterns picked eleven. The eleventh, however, was closed when the pictures were taken—Mama's Lobster Hut is open only from June through Labor Day. It's on Route 9 in Cape Porpoise, Maine, and it's a shack perched over the water. The interior is wood, the lighting is keen, there are no tables (at a few prices, you can have a Maine lobster just pulled from the ocean and deliciously boiled in seaweed). You bring your own wine or beer, and you finish with domestic, chewy, homemade lefse or an lobster pie. You drive on refreshed in a way that no Big Mac could bring about.

As for the Sterns' other choices, here they are with pictures and with a favorite recipe that Eugene asked each restaurateur to contribute. Non-recipe

Millers

Waukegan, Illinois

On Main Street (Highway 96), roughly halfway between Evanston and San Antonio, Waukegan is usually a ghost town, and the front porch of Miller's is a grocery store without much bustle. When a customer wants to shop there, Mr. Miller turns on the lights. But in the back, through a wooden door, is the context of the barbecue mystique. Forget the old and venerable roadside barbecue (Carole's barbecue, parks and Texas beef). You are now in Texas, and this is the place to be for barbecue. The back room is lit by two bare bulbs; the walls are lined with napkins and bags of feed. You move to the small "office" at the side of the room, where, beyond a counter, there is an ancient pit. Proceeding here is Thomas Fields, a premier. To him you give your order. One hot link (sausage) per person and a pound of brisket for two should do it. Fields will place these on butcher paper for you with half a stack of subsides. You buy a soda from the ma-



Left: A Miller employee at work, making portions of the spit sausage served here. Right: Pioneer Fields in his office



chine and take your seat to one of two picnic tables in the room. Each table has a large, pointed kiosk on a chain for cutting into the links, and there is a roll of paper towels tucked on a pillar for wiping your hands. Roll up your sleeves. Put a little hot sauce on the meat and dig into the most tender barbecued beef that is imaginable, talking apart from its bones over the smoking

wood, moist with its own juices. The links burn open with only slight pressure from the knife. They are juicy, spread, and so sharply hot that taste buds go limp afterward. In a meal laid out slowly, The Favors please one more, a somewhat macabre appeal.

When we broke in on a significant when two old ladies in flower print dresses and Sunday

hats walked through the door. Neither woman was over five feet tall. They marched up to promoter Fields (six feet two) and said, "Let's see your pit. We came from Houston for what we heard was the best barbecue in Texas. Is it?" Fields said nothing, but opened his coat and ran closer to the bracket and hot links and began to reach out just the right links for the two ladies from among the dozens strung up there above the smoking mesquite.

You may be asked after you finish, "Like your links?" You will have noticed Mr. Fields smiling you out. You will be tempted to go on and on in complete rapture. Do so. They have heard it before.

Barbecue Shaws

At a table with a large bottle of barbecue sauce, I gave them a hot and white vinegar. A handful of coarse ground red pepper, 1/2 teaspoon and 1 medium chopped onion. On this mixture on beef, pork ribs, or Texas steaks while they cook on the pit over an oak-and-fire.

Below: Miller's great, state-of-the-art barbecue pit in a back room. The sidewalk is covered, the pit on a gas perforated with bullet holes





After: Health food at its most refreshing. Orange Inn also offers delicious sugar chocolate.

Orange Inn

Corona Del Mar, California

Located at 7400 East Coast Highway (Route 101), south of Los Angeles on the way to

Capetown. This is a place for serving health shakes and nutritious sandwiches to surfers and beach people. It was one of the original health restaurants on the coast, dating back to the mid 1980s, when health food meant blackstrap molasses

and dried prunes. Now the shakes are delicious, as are the organic cookies, the fresh-baked breads, the carrot cakes. There are some tables outside, none inside. Most of the customers brown-bag the food and walk back to the beach. The shakes

are made from the best organic fruit available: date, fig, carob, raspberry, guava, and papaya. Sandwiches—mostly with cheese and cucumber, tuna and avocado—are served on whole wheat bread with crisp bean sprouts as garnish. Desserts are sweetened with honey and coconut. Try the banana cake and the apricot brownies or go all the way and have some pecan torts and date nut squares to go. Try not to feel intimidated by the other customers, who will be sleek and golden with California health and good looks. As if in an advertisement for the food sold here, these customers will look like: "after. You will probably look like: before." No matter. You will certainly know when you are

Frank Strawberry, Banana, and Date Shake

In the jar of a blender place 1 cup sliced fresh strawberries, 1 sliced banana, 1 cup chopped, pitted dates, 90 cc vanilla (or cream or milk), and (optionally) 1 teaspoon soy lecithin (available at health food stores). Blend 1/2 min and pour into your tall glass. Top with nutmeg.

Norske Nook

Oregon, Wisconsin

Harmut and Seward's Dream is the little community of Orosi, about a mile from the major route between Chicago and

Montana. Travelers who by this little coffee shop, server dreaming that inside can be had some of the world's best pies and cakes. The place is small, its customers are depicted on newspapers spread out across the counter. There is a kitchen

of about six pies. They are made in a high, marginic in health, and topped with completely ripe fruits or with puny-light, powdered, sugar-dusted fruits, or with the lightest and most perfectly crisp marzipans. You are served by

blind girls of Norwegian descent who eat generous slices of your custom pie that hardly flows a plate. The pie is made of Wisconsin's best cream. There are pies of cookies, oatmeal, date, chocolate, clip. There are honey breads, oatmeal rolls, and fresh apple turnovers every morning—all made by the Nook's cooks. Diners are sitting American food, except for Christmas, when the place goes in for traditional Scandinavian lunch and cake. There is primarily a place for a snack—or a shop dessert whenever you eat lunch and sit up for here. Take away a couple of pieces of the custom cake to soothe your spirit late at night—unhappily most

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Four Cream Riddle Pie

Separate 4 eggs. Beat the yolks in a whisk and to them add 2 cups sour cream, 2 cups sugar, 4 eggs. Beat 2 cups cream. Mix thoroughly and cook until thick. Pour mixture into a 9-inch round pie shell. Beat egg whites in electric mixer and add 4 cups sugar to form soft peaks. Put this on top of the pie and blow-bake in oven until meringue is brown.

Ma Groover's

Valdosta, Georgia

At 1132 South Patterson (Route 41 North), near the major route from Atlanta north into Florida, Ma is the star of this show. She sits there in a chic apron, smiling, as local buys drop by to show her their new clothes. Since 1935, she's been serving food like we used to eat on the farm. There is a menu in the window, but Ma is apt to look at you and tell you whether you seem like a smoked mallet or a baked chicken type. Lunch includes a choice of three vegetables, fresh ramapo greens, steamed squash, fresh pole beans, sweet potato soufflé. There is red snapper, chicken and stuffed pork chops. The homemade cracked bread for coffee made from rice is unbeatable. Ma will crack you to spike up your already pungent greens with the herbs of vacuum hot peppers she has learned to grow. The good news is that you can get them to put them up at home. Just sprinkle on the juice. This is not the kind of food you pour out of a can, so



After: Ma has been serving 'the boys' of Valdosta since 1935 with genuine farm cooking.

I can sip that all of it is good; Ma says. Her chicken is baked bread, tender with a buttery crust. Her mallet is heavy and smoky, usually delicious. Good after the night here, but if you want to make a bit with Ma, wear your Sunday best

Joe Melton's Cracking Corn Bread Stuffed
From a pork roast, remove the rind, leaving in the uncooked bits of fatty skin. Remove meat and dice collected 1 lb. Chop up small bits. In a large bowl mix 2 lb. cornmeal, 4 eggs, 1 lb.

cracking corn, 2 qt. buttermilk, 1 at salt, 2 tbsp. baking powder, and 1 tbsp. salt. When well blended, divide into about three dozen portions and place each in the greased well of a muffin tin. Bake 30 minutes at 350° F. Yield about 36 muffins.

Skinhead's

Indianapolis, Kentucky

At 1018 South Twenty-first Street, not far from the city center, is a local restaurant. Skinhead's has been here for decades. You get a line egg, two slices of corned country ham, a bowl of grits and red eye—a gravy made from coffee and ham drippings and used to spike the grits or spice the biscuits, which are made fresh all morning by Skinhead's cook. But the real glory is the pitcher of milk gravy that also arrives for pouring over the biscuits or for drinking. The mix of milk to flour to grease to black pepper strikes a perfect balance between creamy texture and sharp spice. There is a delicious country ham lunch that will leave you thirsty because of its extreme saltiness, and fresh fielder, or local catfish, simply dressed and fried and served with biscuits. It is unexciting and deliciously oily. The wait

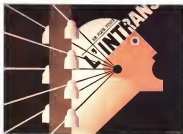
resses look like brownish, or possibly cast-iron, daughters. Skinhead's is a rough old-fashioned place and it is a place for the North. It indicates that one is finally entering the South, a land of brothers who like to eat tasty and heavy

Sewell Gravy
In a bowl blend together 1 lb. corn meal, 1 cup oil, 1 cup lard, 1 cup bacon grease. Bring 1 lb. oil to a simmer in a saucepan and when warm mix in the flour and fat mixture, mixing together thoroughly. While the

dinner, add 1 shop freshly ground black pepper and 1 chip salt. That yields 2 qt. or enough for a large southern breakfast party. Pour gravy over hot biscuits or pour it into bowls and dust the biscuits. Gravy is the proper garnish.

Below: There is a new southern cooking store. It's the place to have about biscuits, grits, or gravy.





Poster Art

Integrating cubism and surrealism with commercial art, Russian-born A.M. Cassandre published the first of his memorable posters in 1927. The one he created for the newspaper *L'Intransigeant*, left, is part of a retrospective of his work shown at the Ruschka-Brown Gallery, 35 East 76 Street, New York 10021, (212) 754-7999, through May 27. Prices: \$1,300 to \$3,800.

Top Hat

Blond-curved from white Swedish pine is Italy by designer Ennio Bergamini for Tarto, Inc., this nine-inch-high belated hat is able to melt in ice buckets. It's \$300 (add \$10 for postage) from Joany B. Goode, 1194 Lexington Ave., New York 10021, (212) 754-2462.



Keyboard Magic

The Cely Electronic control system will take up to 100 commands for turning on and off lights, water heaters, air conditioning—all at preselected times. Using existing electrical wiring, it can control events to within one second as much as eleven months in advance. \$299.95 at Computerlink, 117 Forest St., San Francisco, 94133; Road Rd., Arlington Hills, Ill.; 2 DeHart St., Morrisown, N.J.; 119 Amherst St., Nashua, N.H. For additional information, call (508) 526-1158.



Photo Courtesy



Do Not Reuse

This new gas cap allows you to fill your car without removing the cap. The gas nozzle fits the trapdoor opening. From the F&G Corporation, the gas cap is \$6.95 at most independent auto parts stores.



Changing Cycles

For easy riders and fiends, Puch's Magneton MKII mop-converted has some new features: a high-torque engine, two-speed automatic transmission to improve acceleration and full clamping, automatic oil injection to eliminate the need to mix oil and gasoline. It's \$695 at Alversen's Moped Land, 1610 E. Football Blvd., Claremont, Calif.; C.C.S. Chicago, 2311 W. Howard St., Chicago; and Boston Cycles, 31 Boylston St., Brookline, Mass.



Bug It

Snapper Bug-N-Wagon riding mower has a 30-tined grass catcher and will vacuum leaves, clippings, twigs, and pine cones. The Bug-N-Wagon is \$229.95; the mowers range from \$654.45 to \$3,811.57. Ac Tractor Inc., 3221 San Francisco Rd., Los Angeles; Walston Whiteman Lawn Equipment, 1827 Broadfield St., Philadelphia; Hampton Sales, 401 Park Ave. South, New York; and Starnell & Co., 1198 Howell Hill Rd., Atlanta.



Photo Courtesy

In a Lather

In London the George F. Trumper shop is famous for its great selection of shaving things. Now Boston's Saks can buy some of the store's stuff here. Le Figure brushes range from \$3 to \$25. Almond shaving cream, small size, \$8.50; large size, \$19.95. At Bloomingdale's, New York.



Photographs by Charles Neelon

by Suzanne Slesin and Anita Leclerc

Get the Point

Rumor has it that a favorite British pastime is about to take off here. These darts are 90 percent tungsten, a metal preferred by the pros for its density. With a monogrammed leather dart holder, they are \$50 (add \$1.35 postage) from Sportswares, 1137 Tricon Drive, Foster City, Calif. 94404.

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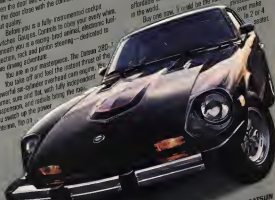
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Acts of Love

Costa knew how to do everything the proper way—
even those things that perhaps should never have been done

Fiction by Elia Kazan



In honor of the occasion, Dr. Laffey cancelled his appointments, including one on-the-spot operation that would have brought him a very substantial fee, and drove with Ethel to the airport.

The encounter was unremarkable. Costa sat in the back of the car with his son. Dr. Laffey drove. Ethel beside him. To make conversation, the doctor described various landmarks. He went out of his way to take them by the new civic center.

"Pretty money over here," Costa observed.

He was even more impressed with some of the houses they passed on the way to the Laffey lobby.

"I always tell my son," he observed, "just as easy money rich girl as poor girl."

"There speaks a Greek," Teddy said.

When they got to the Laffey place, there was a problem.

"What is this?" Costa said.

"Where we live," Dr. Laffey answered. "Is that what you're asking?"

"Very nice, very nice, but—" Costa was looking at something. He started back toward the car.

"Your rooms are ready," Dr. Laffey said. "Assure that, Ethel?"

"Costa or, Mr. Aristotle," Ethel said.

Costa stood his ground. Apparently what was troubling him could only be discussed between fathers, so he approached Dr. Laffey, indicating with a sweeping gesture that they should step to one side.

The children waited.

The conversation they could not hear was a short one. They saw Dr. Laffey nod, heard him say, "Of course, if you'd prefer."

The men returned. Costa seemed untroubled, but Dr. Laffey clearly had had a first-decorating glimpse of what was ahead.

"Mr. Aristotle has told me—"

"Aristotle?" Costa said. "Aristotle's alive. Very easy."

Dr. Laffey spoke to Teddy. "Your father prefers that you stay in a hotel," he said.

"Proper way," Costa said. "I'll be settled, you understand."

Costa said. He turned to Ethel. "You understand, young lady? Your father and you will have many things to discuss. Teddy and I, same problem."

"I won't be able to find you a place and take you there myself," Dr. Laffey said. "Unfortunately, I have an office to take care of and hospital visits to make. I operate tomorrow and—"

"No necessary explain, Dr. Laffey, correct, Laffey?"

"Yes. I'll run along now. Ethel has her air and she—"

"Don't worry, don't worry," Costa said.

"Is it simple?" Dr. Laffey said. "I assure that we all have dinner here, will that be all right?"

"Proper way," Costa said.

"Free—no I'll run along—"

"Before you go, I want meet your wife, could we trouble you introduction?"

"Ethel will—"

"It take one minute," Costa seemed anxious that it be Dr. Laffey who introduced him to Mrs. Laffey.

Which he did. And left.

Costa sat with Mrs. Laffey, complimented her on her beautiful home and on how well her daughter had been raised.

"Truth is," Emma Laffey said, "I had very little to do with either."

"Dear lady, I cannot believe that."

"I think they want to be alone," Ethel said, pulling Teddy out the garden door. "Come, I want to show you our flower garden."

As they left they heard Emma telling Costa about her "weakness." It was the first time in years anyone had been ready to listen to her.

Something was troubling Ethel. The morning paper had a piece about the increasing number of VD cases in the community. There was a tiny story spot inside her. The old boyfriend she'd been with, during the days she'd been waiting for Teddy to arrive with his father, never looked his best.

She'd considered telling Teddy the truth about herself, decided against it.

"I have to admire your father," she said, "the way he wants to do things. By his tradition, you know? So I thought maybe we should—"

"Shookin' what?"

"Make love again, used to—"

"Are you kidding? Until when?"

"We're married. Or, at least, everything's settled."

"Keep me off, let's see you," he began to laugh.

"Teddy, I'm sort of serious. So when we marry, it'll mean more."

He pulled her to him and began to kiss her. "Woman control these things," he said. "Go ahead, control me!"

"Teddy! Look out. Your father's coming."

Mrs. Laffey and Costa had walked out of the house. He was

Elia Kazan, director of films and plays, has written several novels, including *The Arrangement*.

Illustration by Paul Stonequist

JUNE 6, 1978/ESQUIRE 49

supporting her at the elbow and she was looking up into his eyes.
"I think my old lady is slipping for your old man," Ethel said.
"It's as happy as most people." Emma was saying. "I love my golden and my roses and my daughter." She laughed and nodded broadly, in her trademark disarming way. "And I hope I'm not too much of a burden to him, to Doctor Laffey."

"The same, nothing."
"We've had wonderful times. Doctor Laffey used to take me to Europe every other year. But lately he's been much too busy."

"Important man, what can you do?"
"You know what I mean about the world? An old-fashioned shopping spree, the kind I used to go on—Oh, the shopping I've done!"

"She began to speak very rapidly and with unusual animation. "The French have very soft leather goods. In Scotland it's tweed. If you see something you like in a shop, buy it. It might not be there when you get back. Remember, there is a lesson in these things. About bargaining. In England there's no point in it. But east of Paris, offer half and stick to it. Doctor Laffey used to admire my skill in bargaining." She laughed lightly. "But I ain't all there was to it, after he'd and he'd on. Remember that?"

"In my family, my wife buy everything. Costs nothing."

"How me?" "I do look forward to meeting her. I have some beautiful clothes up there. I'll show her. Many I've never worn. Probably never will. Though I haven't changed size."

"Mum, Ethel said, "he's not interested in your size."

"Costs her father!" Costa said. "Let someone talk. God's wife. Please, Mrs. Laffey, more, your size?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter. It's all the same. A person, not sizes. Ethel here is a size. See how much bigger she is?"

"Mum? We'd better get you a place to stay, Mr. Avallatos," Ethel said. "Before he gets on all the space."

"I don't worry, Ethel. They always have room for me, wherever I go, dear Mrs. Laffey, people look out for me. But it's not them, it's God. He took care for me. I will bring you like blessing. I will ask Him to give you your strength back, you will see how quick."

"He turned up on his toes and Ethel had chased with air. "Well, why no waiting here, boy?" he said to Teddy.

"Waiting for you?" Teddy said, "who else?"

Costa laughed. "He get back with his father someone he never think. But that is your country, Mrs. Laffey. Thank God your daughter understand respect, right, Ethel?"

"Sometimes," Ethel said. "Come on or we really will need God to help."

"She drove them to several hotels which Costa didn't like. "Where is river, some water, something?" he asked.

"Pop, for chrissake, this is desert, the water here is a thousand feet underground."

"There is a mound out in Palm Canyon," Ethel said. "That's quite a ways out, though. That's sort of a barren there."

"Sort of, again?" Costa said. And when he saw it, he said, "You call this river?"

"So the spring it's full," Ethel said.

"There was a frame-built man. Costa made a face.

"We really better take a room here. Mr. Avallatos," Ethel said.

"If there is one."

"They registered, then Ethel excused herself to the two men could share and close up."

"I have problem," Costa said to her, "no car."

"I will call for you at six and bring you out again after dinner?"

"No, now. Five minutes. I must find some."

"I have shopping list. Pop, what do you need?"

"I want to buy dear mother something," he said to Ethel.

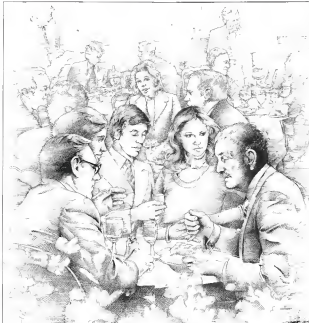
"It's really not necessary, Mr. Avallatos—"

"I cannot come to dinner without present for your mother."

"As the daughter the old man bought a two-pawed sampler box of William's chocolate. "No more problems," he said.

"The dinner that night went very well, every drink, Costa giving Mrs. Laffey her present to the cookbooks, the compliments about the house and grounds, everything until Costa told Dr. Laffey what he expected.

"We are Catholics," Dr. Laffey said, his lips drawn tight.



"Ethel is going to be married in our church."

"That is not possible," Costa said.

"Anything is possible, Mr. Avallatos," Dr. Laffey had been put

through a puzzle session on the same by Ethel.

"Maybe for you. Everything is as possible for me. We have

family and that's our way. We don't change when we come to this

country. One buys many Greek girls and one Greek young ladies

many Greek boys. It is not old-fashioned-type man. I understand

the world is changing. But on this one thing we don't

change."

"Neither do we," Dr. Laffey said, more succinct, quite as

definite.

"So—" Costa let it fall, with a turn-out gesture of his palms.

"We have your right, I have my right. We see what happen."

"There was the kind of silence it borders on."

"We have beautiful flowers in the desert," Mrs. Laffey said,

"Sweet flowers."

"He knows that, Emma," Dr. Laffey said

and one spoke.

"When suddenly everybody quiet it even protest, like now."

Costa said, "people in old country say, 'A girl is born?'"

No one got the point.

Costa turned to Mrs. Laffey. "Very nice dinner, Mrs. Doctor

Laffey," he said. "How you get fish like that here, so fresh?"

"So—" Costa let it fall, with a turn-out gesture of his palms.

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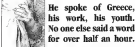
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**He spoke of Greece,
his work, his youth.
No one else said a word
for over half an hour.**

"I had nothing to do with the dinner, unfortunately," Mrs. Laffey said. Then she looked at the doctor.

"The mountain train," he said to Teddy, particularly to Teddy, "we have to find Denver."

"Did you hear that, Pop?" Teddy said. "The train is down in Boca Delmar."

"Very nice, very nice," Costa said.

"Now why don't you two partisans," Teddy said, "start getting along?"

"All 'kay with me," Costa said.

But Dr. Laffey didn't talk to Costa any more that night except at part of the group. At about nine-fifty-five, he looked at his watch and moaned. "You will have to forgive me," he said, "I am

operating in the morning."

Ethel did not forgive him for that, any more than she had for a hundred other things.

"Of course," Costa said, "we don't want to be problem here. Operation your operation. Call him, boy."

"I'll drive you home," Ethel said.

"Too much trouble. Also I think proper thing, you and your father make dinner sometime—"

"There is nothing to discuss," Dr. Laffey said. "Good night."

He did not shake hands with Costa, but smiled at him with the grim admiration one reserves for worthy antagonists.

The Avallatos went back a cab home.

By the time they'd gone, the light was out in Dr. Laffey's bedroom. Ethel had to wait 98 minutes.

She got up early, waited at the breakfast table for him.

"I want to tell you," she said, "I am going to marry Ted Avallatos, and I don't care what the ceremony is performed."

"I'm aware of that, Ethel," he sneered. "He always ate a whole pink grapefruit for breakfast, opening it like an orange and eating it in sections. But I am not going to be killed. You don't know Greek is the way I do. They are a nation of traders. The first position a Greek takes is never too late. Thank you, Mame!"

Dr. Laffey's breakfast was always a small steak cut very thin with three fried eggs on it. His diet was praiseworthy, carefully

related. He took three tablespoons of granular leather every day.

Ethel had three cups of black coffee.

"This coffee will make you very pretty," Dr. Laffey said. "You certainly don't need additional stimulation, my dear."

"You know why I'm nervous," she said. "I want to marry this."

"Go ahead! Run off, leave your second wife, daughter, don't come back, get married, do anything you want. But whatever you think of your father, you must know by now that I am not a fool."

You are not here because you want my permission. You are here because that old man want my permission, that is the part of his

side. Am I right?"

"So?"

"I will not allow myself to be bullied."

"He's not trying to bully you."

"You are. And I will not have it."

"Please, just this once—please—"

"Now, that's a little vulgar. Can we talk sensibly? Remember, I

know a lot more about you than you think. I know you're not a

position to bully me for instance. Right now I know you're not a

position to bully me for instance. Right now I know you're not a



Sure of his position, Costa had had his say. It was for the others to make decisions now.

what he wanted. He will not get it, not from me. I also have an idea of what he'll settle for, and in a time I will offer him that."

"What is that? Money, coffee, Manuel?"

"I suggest — Dr. Lailey had finished his steak and his decaffeinated coffee and was wiping his lips — "I suggest you, in fact, for your own happiness, in the five minutes today when you can be alone with the young man—when I like, by the way, he seems adaptable—and urge him to speak honestly to his father and tell him that two people can play at being adults, but that that he's got to learn to bend a bit because if he doesn't, he'll break. Let's end together, shall we?"

"That, you're really so full of crap," she said.

Dr. Lailey left the room.

Ethel stopped him as he was backing his car out of the garage. She did it by standing in the car's path.

"Well, what is it?" she said. "Your proposal?"

"To have two ceremonies, one in his church, one in ours. It is reasonable that he believe in his deity before. What the hell is he anyway? He has no education, not one bit of humor, he smells of sweat, yet he's all pomposity. And arrogance. I won't stand for it. Now tell Teddy to take it or leave it. It's a perfectly acceptable compromise, one that one do what all good compromise solutions do, leave everyone as happy as they can be under the circumstances, which in your case don't exist—all you can expect of this life. Teddy to judge by his own agreeable expression, already knows that. Good bye."

He pulled away, very fast, stopped abruptly, backed up to his daughter again.

"Do you agree or not?" he asked. "May I have something on the subject?"

"I think you're very clever," she said.

"Scams of experience," he said. "By the way, tonight, do we have to agree?"

"Oh, Dad, do you see, Dad?"

"I'm sorry, I really am. You just got my goat before. I'm at his disposal tonight. What is he going to do with me?"

"Take us to dinner."

"May I hardly request that he be in a restaurant where I can eat the food?"

"I don't know how he's fixed financially..."

"He says Teddy says."

"If I know anything about him, the old man won't take money from his son, not for an occasion like this."

Costa took them to Dr. Lailey's favorite restaurant, he'd asked Ethel to suggest it. She had heard that it was expensive but the old man waved his finger violently across his pained lips and she got the message.

Costa escorted the two women into the place, and Dr. Lailey had the waiter he worked alone with Teddy.

"What I don't quite understand," he said to the young man, "is what you see in Ethel. She can be quite difficult, you know, perplexing and unrepentable. Are you prepared for that?"

Dr. Lailey, "Teddy said," she said, "I'm afraid, it's not a dull man. I certainly wouldn't want to marry someone like me."

Inside, they found Costa, in his proper, sitting at the head of the table.

He spoke of the apogee: What it was, how it lived, what it ate, how it reproduced. He talked about the red tide that had come in and for ten years killed the whole industry. He talked about the advantages of the natural resource over the synthetic. He made Mrs. Lailey's neighbor present, a box carefully wrapped and tied in

two blue paper, and told her what it was, placing it carefully at her feet. "Two perfect sponges for your bath," he said. "I took over thousand years."

Then he spoke of his father and of his father's grave in the yard where the old Greek Orthodox church had once stood—it had burned down, arson suspected, but all the Greeks in Burton Springs still considered the ground hallowed. Of his father's stone marker was an oval-framed photograph, not as he'd been when he died but the way he'd looked in his prime, the very original photograph of the man they had, so he'd be remembered as he'd been before age moldered him and death had taken him. Then he told them something that even Teddy didn't know, that every other Sunday he took potter flowers, blue anemones or white lilies, so the grave site, left alone there, on top of the mound that covered his father's body, and then, after a month, took the old flowers home. Day is holy for the heathen, filled it with dehydrated green maracas mixed with beans and black mulch—Costa went into every particular—translating the flowers in his own yard to keep his father's memory alive.

"That is why I cannot agree anything except my father's way, these two children to marry in church his religion. Any other church, he will not forgive me. Eh, boy?" he asked Teddy. "Isn't that the reason, boy?"

No one else had said a word for ever half an hour.

Now Teddy spoke. "That's the reason, Pop."

Mrs. Lailey was smiling. She was in love with the old Greek. "Can I say something, dear?" she asked her husband.

"Of course," he said, but only I ask a question first?" He turned to Teddy. "Did Ethel tell you my suggestion?"

"Yes, sir, she did."

"It seemed very fair to her," Dr. Lailey continued, "and it did to me." He touched Teddy's arm. "Look at me, please, young man, and tell me, truly, what did you think? The truth."

"I try to speak only the truth, Dr. Lailey. Why do you think I would otherwise?"

"I don't know why. It doesn't matter why. What do you think?"

"It's up to my father," Teddy said. "Dr. Lailey named it Costa's choice." "Isn't that happiness the only important thing here?" he asked with the greatest show of candor he could muster.

"No," Costa said. "Something more important. At that time in life, twenty-one, twenty-three, these children know nothing. That is value old age. Otherwise what use we live long time and be put in position respect? You American people have other sins. With you most important thing is happiness, success and happiness, good food, happiness, comfortable, as you always happiness. But your children they leave home quick. No! Usually for—excuse me, nothing personal—travels good reason. Our children stay close. So you can see, what we have more important. Over many thousand years, I prove that."

"What is it you're talking about, stay I ask?" Dr. Lailey was becoming quite impatient.

"What our fathers thought, what they did, what grandfathers thought, what they did. What you call that?"

"Traditions," Dr. Lailey provided. "But traditions do not remain like the mountains, never changing."

"They don't change," Costa said.

Dr. Lailey turned to Teddy for help.

He speaks for me," Teddy said.

"Don't you have a mind of your own, young man?" Dr. Lailey said scornfully.

"I just speak it," Teddy said.

"Do you ever think for yourself?"

"I am now. It's going to be his way."

"Or not at all?" Dr. Lailey looked at his son-in-law-to-be with disgust.

"I didn't say that, you did. But I'll tell you, yes!"

"I blame you for this," Dr. Lailey said to his daughter.

"She had nothing to do with it, sir," Teddy said. "She argued very well and very hard. I told her the same thing. It's only you. It's only marry with my father's permission. And he won't give

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his permission unless Ethel has your permission."

"Ermm, why don't we go home?"

Mrs. Laffey began to untangle her wrap. She remembered there was something she'd meant to say in praise of the Avakotos family, but it was too late now.

"Oh, no, no," Costa said. "Delicious dinner, now Capote, beauty, something. Maybe they have Greek brandy, very strong, for men, something sweet for ladies, and water here, Teddy."

"I have to operate tomorrow."

"Never mind, never mind, how often your daughter marry? Once in lifetime, I hope, Greek style!"

Teddy got the water and they ordered drinks. The subject on everyone's mind was not brought up again. When the bill was presented, the old man reached into a satchel held taken off and produced some money. Ethel also noticed that he didn't blink at the size of the bill, and while he didn't have much money left when he got through, he tipped with a flourish.

Dr. Laffey dropped them off at their motel and said good-bye with gratitude and politeness. But he didn't mention the subject on anyone's mind.

Neither did Costa. Ethel had the feeling Costa wasn't even thinking about it anymore. He'd had his say, was sure of his position. It was not up to him to make any decision now, it was up to the others. He would sleep perfectly that night. She would not. The next morning, Costa made a dramatic announcement and opened a can.

"Tonight finally!" he said. "Such matters don't need more than three days' notice. I hear him, he hear me. So? Now we go to what is next, good or bad, move forward in the life, pain can be endured, other connections made, right?"

"Not in this matter," Teddy said.

But Costa didn't listen. "Also tonight I make dinner. Bring Ethel with us. I make my salad tonight, we see what land markets they have over here."

Ethel drove over as quickly as she could; Teddy had told her today was going to be it, one way or the other.

"All right, one more mother kitchen?" Costa asked her.

"Of course," Ethel said. "Just tell Manuel and Corita what you want and they'll be glad to—"

"Wait only one thing, they get out. After wash dishes, okay?"

The gathering of materials for the salad was a ritual. A daylong pressure was created by Costa's insistence that each of the ingredients be the best available. He was disappointed in Tomato, Arizona, its supermarket came in for serious criticism. "What bad people we have here!" he demanded. "Bartholomew!"

The feta cheese, perhaps the one exceptional ingredient, was finally found in a gourmet store in the richest section of the city. It was packed, dry, in a tin—canned goods—non in brass as in a barrel. Costa took time out to explain to the owner of the store, a plump middle-aged woman in a powder skirt, what the loss is when a food of delicate flavor is packed in a can.

Ethel went to Manuel and Corita in their store, but Costa didn't like their looks. He'd find, on a secluded site, a bottle of first quality olive oil, imported from Greece, not Italy. On the bottom of the bottle's name card was a stamp that read: "Ethel, Costa informed down oil, is the part of America, that confirms love of the world. Finding this, he affirmed to Ethel, was a good way."

In the Mexican home he bought some garlic green peppers and two sweet Spanish onions. He didn't like the tomatoes here either, but at least, he observed, they were not like identical asparagus (real) in a cold-water-based can. He carefully selected six for purchase, then shaking his head as he did it, was evident that he was seriously disappointed, even disgusted.

In desperation, he entered the largest supermarket in the city. To his surprise he happened on a little Jewish corner, where he found the kind of wine vinegar he wanted and, to his great relief, some bits of Italian anchovies. In standing near the baskets were a variety of breads, not wrapped in plastic. After a great deal of picking, Costa bought a dozen crisp-crowned, soft-browned clover rolls.



Full of confidence, Dr. Laffey had come to the same resolve as Costa: today would decide it.

Here he also discovered—"Oppe!"—some wrinkled black olives.

In the vegetable department he came on something labeled "Jerusalem cucumber," bought it distrustfully, suspecting that when you take the top-off of a cucumber a lot more goes with it. "This not cucumber," he was to say later. "We have here squash."

Finally Costa concerned himself with their delicate matter, Mrs. Laffey's palate. He insisted that Ethel drive him to the best butcher in the city. "Maybe Green's," said he, "butchers, so fresh, too strong for her dear mother," he said. "I find something in case." In the butcher shop he quickly made friends with the owner, explained that he wanted three tender chops of baby lamb. Recognizing when the butcher first showed him, he accepted permission to enter the wife-in-lieu-and-dinner and himself select the animals he preferred. He carefully supervised while as they were trimmed of fat and wrapped in brown waxed paper, then shook the butcher's hand.

On the way home they stopped at a liquor store, where he found neither Merendino nor Hymanos, the wines he wanted, but the Italian Soave Bolla, which he purchased with a generous share of tolerance.

At the Laffey's home, since there was at least an hour and a half before it was proper to start making the salad, Costa escorted Mrs. Laffey to the town white water shorts at the side of the swimming pool where they could watch their children bathe.

"Lag too slow," Costa said to himself as he memorized Ethel in her bath. He could not understand his wife's presence for this young woman. But he'd proved God the mixture and understanding and it had been granted him. He was doing everything correctly, giving the Laffey's, particularly the head of the house, every chance. Perfectly it was, he felt asleep in the sun.

He snored. Mrs. Laffey smiled and staid away to her air-conditioned bedroom.

The arrival of the dinner wine Costa. The surgeon strode onto his terrace carrying a double vodka bottle, straight up, set down next to the Greek wine-bottle to boost to well-modulated tones. He showed Costa, using the old wine-bottle bag for a model, the operation he'd performed that afternoon. An affluent client had lost his thumb in a home shop accident. Dr. Laffey had, successfully, taken the first finger and severed it so it could serve as a thumb.

When he'd finished with the description of his kind and work, he did not stop that for this one job—three and a half hours in bed today—he would be paid a fee of four thousand five hundred dollars. "I was the only man," he said, "between Los Angeles and St. Louis who successfully performed this operation."

"Very nice!" Very nice! Costa said.

Dr. Laffey that afternoon was full of confidence and energy. He made the same resolve Costa had: today was going to be it. Vodka fortified this decision. He offered to provide Costa with equal strength from the same source. But Costa told him he didn't want to drink with the difference had been settled. "When I drink," he said, "I get soft-bodied."

It was time for Costa to go to work. He went into the kitchen and asked Manuel and Corita to leave. Corita pleaded to be allowed to watch but Costa said, "Too many people is kitchen so good." He did not deny Ethel's help. "You will learn exactly, this," he said. "Teddy likes very much." Any fire chef does only the planning and measuring, the combining and flavoring. The roasting work—steaming, peeling, washing—in done by party help. Ethel worked under Costa's



"I know what she is, but when my son marry her, I will teach her. That's my gift to her."

"I called my gynecologist today," she said. "His fee had been taken out of service."

"He made so much money," Ed Laffey said, "he can't afford to work anymore."

"Can you recommend another man?"

"That's a very odd bridge partner," Ada Minkley, he's been here to the house."

"When you speak to him, tell him I'd prefer if he'd keep my visit confidential."

"I don't have to ask that. All doctors—"

"I've heard some of your conversations, Dad."

Father Corrigan appeared on the side of the long table where he threw his hands into the air, a gesture of frustration.

"Would it embarrass you," Ethel said, dropping her voice and speaking more quickly, "to use friendship to get me a quick appointment?" Tomorrow, please, right after their place leaves?"

Father Corrigan was laughing as he came up.

"Is anything wrong?" Ed Laffey asked Ethel quickly.

"Very pretty," Father Corrigan said. "Father, daughter, isn't it?"

"I'll tell him for you," Ed Laffey said to Ethel, "but in return I'd like your help. I know it best able to make a deal in Mr. — I'm not sure I'm entirely comfortable with that word."

"No deal, Dad, just do what I said," Ethel tried to say.

"Ethel, I have never met anyone like that man," Father Corrigan said. "He has his own theology, his own biology, his own medical science. Are you sure you know what you're getting into?"

She looked at the priest a moment without answering. Then she said, "Why do you pretend to care when I marry or when?" and walked into the house.

Father Corrigan, laughing and going, told Ed Laffey about the conversation.

"I felt I was taking part in one of those cheap TV daytime dramas. I've seen them some a dozen times. He hoped that somehow I would be better than the Old World who cannot be moved. I was trying to remember during our conversation how these TV struggles are resolved. I thought I had. I told him it was the democratic way that both sides be given equal respect. That works on TV. But not with this man. I refused I let you down. I'll make another crack at it tomorrow, if I can't, I'll leave him to the parish house and have a go at him over lunch."

"Ethel tells me he's going out in the morning."

"Then I'll tell him it's to be settled tonight, you have to do it. I wouldn't be longer. Absolutely not. By the way, I thought the way was nothing to be said. I didn't care for what he said about her, not one bit. But I can tell from one look at the boy that he loves your daughter very much and that he's a reasonable kid. After all, he's an officer in the United States Navy."

"What did he do the last night?"

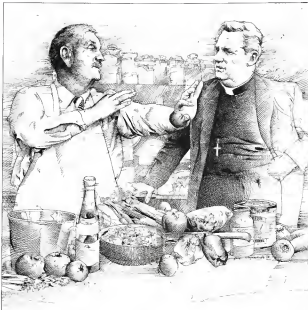
"I may even be the right assistant for a display of anger: you certainly have great justification."

"What did he say about Ethel?"

"The great talk and there away."

Ethel and Teddy sat at the table under the mechanical direction of Corby. He wore a white shirt and carried a cotton knitch towel. He'd found out that he was powerful that he'd been wanted for years, he used it to announce dinner.

Costa watched Teddy at the head of the table, Ethel at the opposite end, facing him. He and Mrs. Laffey sat by side opposite the kitchen door, and his own chair close to their door where he would be serving. His arms and every other of help. "All



you do, what I mean, you eat," he said.

He pointed the Beebe Bolls and made a toast to Mrs. Laffey, wishing her what he knew she didn't have, health and happiness.

The women laughed in a tinkle, then, blushing like no schoolmistress, turned to her husband to see what he thought of all this sympathy.

He smiled, Costa had disappeared. By now more familiar than anyone there with the resources of the pantry, he came back with five of the Laffey's wedding presents and said that he'd discovered on a top shelf, some pieces, they were perfect robes in gold.

"Oh, Edward, remember?" Mrs. Laffey reminded.

"I remember," Ed Laffey responded. He leaned over and kissed his wife on the forehead, a sentimental gesture performed without sentiment.

Then came the exasperation.

"I wish," Costa said as he cleared the heart of the table for his great Greek salad. "I only wish golden peace was here. Now I remember many things to say to him."

"He is a very fine man," Ed Laffey said. "I was hoping he'd convince you."

He convinced me nothing," Costa said. "Maybe I convince him sometime."

"What, for instance?" Ed Laffey said. He kept the women for bold on-hand confrontation had come.

The area in the center of the table was cleared.

"Greek salad does it," Costa said.

"Then why do we continue to meet?" Ed Laffey grabbed the bull's horns.

"We are wasting you see right way," Costa said.

"That's pretty damned arrogant of you," Ed Laffey said. He knew the man to talk. "Don't you think so, Ethel, really? Don't you, Teddy?"

"I don't," Ethel said.

"I know what you think," Ed Laffey said seriously. "I haven't expected anything less from you, a young man."

"Don't say that," Costa Laffey cried with surprising force. Then, in a whisper, which she leaned forward to deliver properly,

"Edward, please don't say anything like that."

He came, however, Ed Laffey said. "There is no one flouting this off I wish you would recognize that you are so holy whatever, and leave it to me."

Mrs. Laffey tipped her head on its side and looked up at the ceiling. One eyelid began to quiver.

"Ed Laffey," Costa said. "Not polite talk your wife that style in front of strangers. It's a few women, very serious."

Kaddy do not make yourself into that area of my family life, you," Ed Laffey answered. "I won't tolerate it."

Then he turned sharply in his chair, giving the side of his body to Costa and addressed Teddy.

"May I speak to you and also to you for a moment. First, let me say that I respect your freedom. I assume you are what you appear to be, Navy. A pretty officer, first-class, on good standing, and that you respect the wishes of this society as you meet those of the woman you so choose to be the mother of your children."

Daddy, what can?" Ethel said.

Please shut up," Ed Laffey said. "Just shut up, all of you. Let me talk without interruption to the boy who is making to be my son-in-law, may I do that? Just for once?"

"Who's stopping you?" Costa asked.

"You are. You turn your son. He's afraid to have an opinion of his own. I cannot see, unless he learns to stand for your domination, how he can be an effective naval officer."

"Very high regard, don't worry, officer's son."

"Dad, please, I want to hear what Dr. Laffey has to say."

"You heard, we all heard."

"I want to hear him now, and I want to hear him now."

"Okay, okay, just, what, Doctor, when? Today?"

"First of all, no dinner please. Is in your chair."

Costa looked quickly back toward the kitchen door where his salad was being in preparation as both of olive oil, lemon juice, and vinegar.

"Never mind the golden salad, Dad—"

"Don't talk that way to me, boy, today, don't forget who you are and who I am."

"Just I want to forget it. I respect your wishes but you are not the problem now. Doctor Laffey is. So please shut up and sit down."

Costa was impressed by his son. He sat in his place.

"Doctor Laffey, you were saying something about my father," Teddy smiled at the doctor's head and said.

"I want you to know, Doctor Laffey," said that I was Navy too in the last war, a lieutenant commanding three medical companies who landed on Tarawa with the first wave. The dead were strong over the beach of this island but he'd forgotten the command. We operated by the light of four flashlights in a small jet grillow one hour after the Marines had cleared it. We treated more than a hundred men, many of them first through six hours. Only four died. So I don't ask for your respect, I command it."

"I'm giving it to you," Teddy said.

"My son," Costa said, "but for God's sake, say something."

"We were fighting in the front and what you signify symbols said a democracy. Rightly, how can you on the one hand say that you love my daughter, then ignore her wishes, scorn everything she believes in. That is not democracy. Your father is the of a dead past, he is anathema to her, you, what about you?"

"In this matter, I intend to stand by my father."

"But what he represents in bigotry?" His own son officer in the United States Navy lately he was seriously?

"I like him sincerely," Ethel said.

Everybody knew that was it.



him than something suitable for you. Where do you get off making fun of her tradition? It's better than yours and it's better than mine."

Dr. Luffey stared at his daughter.
"And how else you expect me to go for all that baloney about our religion? No, no, no! You! The man who just killed his wife with a few well-chosen words. Look at her, sitting beside you. Dead by your hand. Look at her. I dare you. Forgive me, Mother, but—"

"No, you're right, you're right," Mrs. Luffey burst into tears. "I'm sorry I said that." Ethel said.
"You're not sorry?" Dr. Luffey said. "Don't pretend that!" Mrs. Luffey got up awkwardly and slowly, took her cane, and, releasing all offers of help, left the table.
There was silence.



Costa looked at Teddy.
"Fine girl," he said.
Then he got to his feet
with Ethel in his arms.

"There's a great deal I could say to you and about you," Doctor Luffey said to his daughter. "But I choose not to."
"Say anything you want!" Ethel challenged him.
Doctor Luffey smiled at her, then left the room.
"Teddy went to his father and kissed him."
"It's all yours, Kitten; they heard the doctor say from the parlor. 'Do whatever—'"

He stopped. He'd heard Ethel sobbing.
She made a dash, not for Teddy but for her father. Just as instinctively, Costa pulled her onto his lap, her face against his thick muscular neck.

Costa kissed her cheeks, he kissed her moist eyes.
Teddy stood over the girl and watched her hair.
"Fine girl," Costa said.

"When she cries," Teddy said, "she looks ten years old."
Slowly Ethel began to cry, groping at something until the sob quieted. But she didn't lift her head, didn't open her eyes.

"Boy!" Costa whispered. "Pay attention here. Tell me this much: we can have wedding proper way, in Florida?"
"Pop, I can't break off my duty at the bank."

Costa nodded, then looked at Ethel. For the first time he understood his son's feelings for the girl.

"We'll have to do it in San Diego," Teddy was saying.
"Then there is problem," Costa said.

Her body's perfume was reaching him. Her buttocks, plumped out under her wrings, felt heavy between his legs. And warm.
"I have to bring Avah's family there," Costa said. "My sister, her family, my good brother with, so far, few dear friends—"

Her breasts were pressed against his chest, her abdomen, twisted outward at the waist. Ethel's head. There was a soft of flesh, the one Greek man like, just below the butt of her dress.

"They saw you baptize," he said to his son, "now they must see you marry."

"I understand," Teddy said. "Sure, Pop, sure."

"Cost lotsa money," he said, not looking at his son.
"I'll help out," Teddy said.

"No, no, not possible," Costa said.
She was twisting the life in him.

He shifted her weight so it was on his knees.
"Tell me, Theophilactos," he said, "we have Greek church, San Diego?"

"A fine one. Saint Spyridon. They brought the marble all the way from Mount something near Athens. The Greek community in San Diego is rich and highly respected."

"Amazing! Okay. So I change my plans, go back with you and Ethel San Diego. I look over this church, talk to priest, so both Haps no gold-damn things passed over there. Then, after that, I go home."

He looked at his son.
"Going get up now," he said.

"Really rushed?" "But you like her, Dad, don't you?" he said.
"Fine girl," Costa said.

He got to his feet, Ethel in his arms, and moved toward the parlor. She didn't turn her face to see when he was carrying her.
Dr. Luffey was reading News.

"Put down magazine, damn look," Costa said.
Dr. Luffey turned a page.

Costa put the girl's dimples on his hip and left her there. They were two oddly fatal poses of coquetry, bridle, unyielding.
Costa went back to the dining room and poured himself a cold glass of wine. —



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Travel by Stephen Barnbaum

Oeuf on My Face

Our travel expert's list of favorite restaurants draws some noisy dissent

In sure there's no old proverb looking around somewhere that goes:

One
Should never select
Opinions
One don't not wish
To receive

Ames, brother, though it's not so much a matter of not wanting to receive other opinions as wishing folks could disagree a bit more gently. As you may recall, my contribution to the premier issue of *EJ* came's forthrightly attention was a list of the best hotels and restaurants in the United States, distilled from my new guidebook to the U.S. And in a burst of participatory journalism, I asked readers to comment on my choices and offer selections of their own that I missed. I should have foreseen the deluge.

At last count, 1,512 not exactly reluctant readers (plus an untold number of e-mails) had made their opinions known—some substantially less constructively than others. Enumerating those writers in crayon on the backs of paper bags, and the ones addressed simply to "Jerk" (which somehow found its way atop one into my mailbox), the contributions were remarkably precise and economically knowledgeable. I was especially intrigued that so many letters were concerned with hotels and restaurants in cities other than the writer's city of residence. Our readers apparently spend quite a bit of their time on the road, and have developed pretty strong opinions about where they sleep and dine.

By far the most frequent complaint was the omission of whole cities from the list, and against civic pride I brought forth the most vituperative responses. Let me say, therefore, to the residents of Baltimore, Salt Lake City, Milwaukee, Sacramento, Tucson, Memphis, Oklahoma City, Hartford, Phoenix, and perhaps a dozen other cities that this level of was the amount of space available. There was absolutely no intention to slight your community. And then there is Philadelphia.

I had identified the *Memor Hotel* as the best of a sorry lot in the City of Brotherly Love, but the more that opinion provoked grew the firmer the city's position. One of the most persistent (and printable) responses came from Kathryn



Travel editor Stephen Barnbaum up to his eyeballs in reader response

W. Donahue, who began her comments by observing, "Your biased and unimpressive description of places to eat and sleep in Philadelphia is worthy of condemnation." Here are her choices: "Hazel: Most of the business people I know swear by *The Latham Hotel* and claim it's one of the best small hotels anywhere. It is located in the central business district, as is the *Roxbury*, a fine old hotel that's had a long-standing reputation for elegant food and surroundings. Restaurants: Consistently good are *Deer*, *Vi*, *Phil*, *Edwards*, *International Cuisine* at the Chestnut Hill Hotel, *The Happy Roomer*, *The Fish Market*, *The Conservatory*, *Lauder's*, *La Truffe*, *The Garden*, *Procyon*."

R. Kenneth Bussey also endorsed the *Roxbury* and Edward W. Malinick added the *Roxbury* as well. Janet S. Felsen of the Philadelphia Convention and Visitors Bureau, echoed the choices of the *Latham* and the *Roxbury*, added *The Philadelphia Hotel* and *The University City Radisson*. And David J. Pines, of the *Philadelphia Convention and Visitors Bureau*, and left compelled to point out that "the Museum is not even in Philadelphia."

By far the most controversial restaurant choice on my list turned out to be *Le Monst* in Pittsburgh. I unthinkingly got about half a dozen calls from 1990 current and former Pittsburghers complaining at *Le Monst*'s inclusion, and then the letters started to arrive. According to David R. Farley, "Le Monst is a joke locally and to some extent as far west as Chicago and east to Boston." Herbert Burger articulated several reader complaints, noting, "whatever the splendor of the view from

Le Monst, your readers are no longer well served in having this listed as the best restaurant." On the other hand, Ralph B. Costa wrote, "I was very pleased to see you had included the *Le Monst Restaurant*, and Peter C. Duce wrote that he "was very happy to see your reference to the *Le Monst Restaurant*. I think it is the finest restaurant in the area." So it goes. But rather than waste this space on dissent, I think it would be far more productive to provide a brief definition of reader advice and recommendations. What follows is culled from the most thoughtful and constructive letters, in many cases accompanied by other endorsements and collected by regional experts.

Remember, however, if you disagree with these recommendations, please take it up with the writers and leave me out of it.

Atlanta

Restaurants:
From Howard Hanna, N.Y.C.:
The Abbey
The Midnight Sun
From Harold V. Stomacher, Atlanta:
Le Versailles
Joe Dale's Cajun House

Baltimore

Restaurants:
From Mark Reinhardt, Chicago:
Malone Maroon
The Pope
From William A. Peck, Baltimore:
Baconer's
Beau's Elephant
Chesapeake
Café des Artistes
The Crawl

Boston
<i>Restaurants</i>
From Michael L. Lask, Sacramento, Calif.
Leahman's Gourmet
The Cafe Budapest
Maison Robert
Chicago
<i>Hotels</i>
From Edward W. Mullins, Philadelphia
Continental Plaza
<i>Restaurants</i>
From Tony Beard, Chicago
Le Francais
The Chateau
Maison de Paris
Honolulu
<i>Restaurants</i>
From Mrs. Clinton Holstad, Honolulu
Carlo's Cocktail Braler
Club Michel
Nick's Fishmarket
Michel's
Espresso's 2424
Los Angeles
<i>Hotels</i>
From Laurel Landry, Wilton, Conn.
Hyattmark

Memphis
<i>Restaurants</i>
From Bill Shover, Wynne, Ark.
Derby's
Milwaukee
<i>Restaurants</i>
From A.J. Diamond, Charlotte, N.C.
Karl Haterick's
The Tinas Restaurant
Old Town Serbian Gourmet House
New York City
<i>Restaurants</i>
From Thelma Phillips, N.Y.C.
Café du Africain
Pierre's
From Michael J. Doore, N.Y.C.
One of by Land Two E by Sea
Philadelphia
(In addition to those mentioned above)
<i>Restaurants</i>
From R. Kenneth Bassy, Wilmington, Pa.
Restaurante du Galetto
Pittsburgh
<i>Restaurants</i>
From Frank R. Valenti, Pittsburgh
Park Schenley

From David E. Farley, Pittsburgh
de Piro's
Louis Tardella's
The Common Place
The Cabbington Inn
Kilo's
Providence
<i>Hotels</i>
From Laurel Landry, Wilton, Conn.
The Delaware Place
San Francisco
<i>Restaurants</i>
From Robert O. Sherwood, Hillsborough, Calif.
La Bourgeois
L'Etoile
Seattle
<i>Restaurants</i>
From Edward W. Mullins, Philadelphia, and Wendell Peabody, Bane, Idaho
Caslo
Washington, D.C.
<i>Hotels</i>
From Edward W. Mullins, Philadelphia
The Jefferson
From Laurel Landry, Wilton, Conn.
Bay-Adams

Personal Finance by William Flanagan

A Moving Experience

It's the season for transfers. The more you plan, the less miserable you'll be



number of scouting trips to the new location, temporary lodging when you first arrive, living costs, transportation of household goods, breaking and repairing leases, even temporary baby-sitters. Most companies have all this information in writing.

The single biggest expense you are likely to encounter when moving is buying and selling a home. Again, make sure you understand exactly what expenses your company will undertake. Some will buy your home from you if you cannot sell it, for instance, or at least agree to reimburse you the appraised value. But even if you are lucky enough to sell your old home transitively and find another in your new location overnight, there could still be a lot of costs involved. For example, one executive who recently moved to New York was stunned to discover he had to put up \$6,000 in closing costs on his suburban home, reducing over \$3,000 in tax credits and a \$500 "deposit" to Con Edison. He also discovered he would have to pay \$4,500 in interest on a short-term "bridge" loan. (He had to put up money on the new home before he collected on his old one.) His company might have paid all or part of such costs had he foreseen them in advance of the move and negotiated the situation.

If you are paying for the move on your own and it is interstate or covers a long distance, contact several of the major national moving companies (most are actually networks of independent agents). Movers do not all charge the same fees, although this does not always work out as great. By law, interstate movers must register their rates with the Interstate Commerce Commission. For long-distance moves, you pay by the pound per mile.

Several weeks before you move, get estimates of the cost. And be sure to show the estimator everything you plan to take with you. Moving companies will provide all kinds of literature advising you on how to pack, prepare to move, and so on. By law you are entitled to get an ICC booklet titled "Directory of Interstate Household Shippers of Household Goods." You should read it thoroughly to avoid later misunderstandings.

I was two in the afternoon, and Marty and I were finishing up the first round of margaritas. It was too early to order lunch, since the restaurant was still empty, and the waitress hadn't started playing yet.

That's the way things are in Mexico City, and Marty, a marketing executive who had just been moved by his company from New York, was showing off his new surroundings. In addition to the fist-firm account that meant he could lunch like this every day for two or three hours, a company-paid car, kitchen allowances for his daughter, paid utilities, a kitchen maid, a big raise, special tax help, and a subway on housing that allowed him to rent a condo that used to be the Gabon embassy. Marty discovered he loved Mexican food, the then air and tequila in all its forms.

He was delighted to be out of New York, and would have been as happy as an emu in a ruffled bush, except for Pluffy.

It's the damned dog. The move went off without a hitch, and once I berbed the customs guy there was no problem with delivery. Nothing important was even scratched. But my wife and I—well, I consider us really a family again until the damned dog gets out of quarantine in a few weeks. I don't know about that.

If anyone should have known what to expect when moving, it was Marty. His

brother-in-law (an executive with a moving company) He was so brief about the perils of moving, yet he still ran into an unexpected problem. Hauling a pet is a painful hassle from which no company is excused, but the more problems you anticipate, the better off you'll be.

Of course, you don't have to be making an international move to encounter problems. A pet around the corner could be as traumatic as one cross-country.

Since this is the height of the moving season—kids getting out of school, the smaller ideal, vacations coming too late, slowdowns—here are some tips gleaned from experienced movers, growers, and executives of moving companies. In case you, too, are changing addresses.

First, let's consider the long-distance move.

If you are being moved by your employer, first check with your company transportation or personnel specialist. Make sure you understand exactly what the company moving policy is before you do anything. Most companies will not let you select your own mover, for example, and if you arrange for one without getting an okay, you could wind up footing the tab yourself. That can be terrible. To move out of town of fortune from New York to Chicago, for example, runs about \$2,800. You should find out exactly what the company will pay for as soon as you know you are relocating. Company-subsidized expenses may include a



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Mouton-Cadet
Red and White.



It's a good idea to have your packing done by the movers—especially if the company picks up the job. If it's your job to pack, you'll have to make sure you're packing to the packers and movers. (The dollar per minute at each end of the tag is average, plus \$30 for the driver, who is in charge of the whole move.)

If you pack yourself, use sturdy cardboard cartons, boxes, and barrels. Your mover can tell them to you. Don't forget to have appliances disconnected, or the mover may charge you for that service on moving day.

It is important to keep your own detailed inventory of exactly what you are moving. Since you are paying pounds per mile to move a garage or box van can roll out of a lot of things you don't want to pay to move. With so much to worry about at moving time, it's a good idea to hire someone to run your name-tag sale for you. Some such services (check your phone book) will even come away the junk that you don't want to move. Valuable, such as cash, jewelry, silver collections, etc., should be moved personally. Movers are not responsible for shipping open bottles of booze, glass, or pots, either, though occasionally they will take them in five bags and/or boxes if you sign a damage waiver.

When the driver arrives to pick up your goods, he or a representative of the moving company will first make an inventory of everything due to be shipped, which you must sign. The inventory will note what condition your goods are in.

The mover's basic liability for damaged goods is minimal. There is no charge to you for the basic coverage—but it's only 50 cents per pound per item, hardly enough for a damaged Picasso.

At a slight additional cost—30 cents per \$100 of valuation—you can increase your coverage, up to \$2.25 per pound. This makes the carrier liable for a minimum amount equal to the weight of

If the mover comes on time, you have to be there; if he's a week late, where to sleep is your problem.

your shipment (only \$1.25). Thus, if your load is 4,000 pounds, your goods are protected up to a maximum value of \$5,000 for anything that is damaged or lost. The increased coverage costs you \$25.

You can pay for a higher level of your shipment, of course, and the rate—50 cents per \$100—is the same. You could value your 4,000 pounds at \$100,000, for example. That coverage would cost \$500. Once your goods have been loaded on the van, the ICC actually advises that you sit on the scale and observe the weighing of your shipment in person. Overloading, or "stealing," scales is hardly rare, and you have to pay for the bogus weight.

When your goods are delivered, make sure you are on hand, and check major pieces of furniture thoroughly. If you have a claim of damages, enter the claim before you sign the delivery receipt. It is possible—but extremely difficult—to make a claim later.

This time of year, when movers are so busy, the biggest complaint consumers have, after breakage, concerns pickup and delivery dates. When you make a deal with a mover, you will sign an "order for service," which will specify when goods are to be picked up. If the mover can't make that date, he is obligated to notify you—by phone or otherwise. His liability stops there. But if you have difficulty and if you're in a company move, contact your company transportation specialist. Major companies have close ties with the national van lines that can rectify such things.

Your order for service also specifies a delivery date. If the mover cannot make it, all he need do is notify you. It's wise to leave a few days' leeway, to stay in constant touch with the moving company and to figure out where you and your family will stay if the van is a week late.

But if the mover does arrive on schedule, you had better be there to meet him. In some cases he will wait only a maximum of three hours before calling your staff to a warehouse, where you will have to pay unloading and reloading charges.

Also, if you are paying for the move yourself, have a certified check or a money order on hand for the driver. He won't touch a thing without it, unless it's a company move and other arrangements have been made.

Whether you or your company pays for your move, keep all receipts connected with it—you will need them when you file your federal income tax return. Moving expenses are tax deductible when you move for purposes of employment. If your company pays, its contributions are considered part of your gross income, and you have to estimate the deductions. Consult with your tax adviser or pick up IRS Publication 521 for details.

For local moves connected to a job change, you have two options besides leaving the boys a few cases of beer, renting a truck, and taking your chances.

In many areas the Yellow Pages or the classified ads will yield lists of movers who will quote you widely differing rates. Some are licensed and use union help; others are unlicensed and don't. The advantage of a licensed mover is that in case your goods are lost or stolen, you have some protection.

But for rates about half that of licensed movers (about \$20 per hour at New York City) you can get "buddies" who are often experienced or licensed movers and you take your chances on breakage. If

breaks were five or more days late.

Chances for damages were frequent. About one shipment in five resulted in a damage claim of at least \$100. Pigeon Van Lines had the highest percentage (25.5 percent). South Van Lines, the lowest (0.4 percent). But Pigeon had the best record for on-time pickup and delivery.

The average length of time required to settle a claim for damages was twenty-eight days, and about seven weeks in ten were needed within a month of filing. But 90 percent were not settled within two months.

Five companies settled for over 15 percent of the moves. Allied Van Lines had the highest percentage (90.817), followed by Arroyo-Moore Transfer (71.248), North American Van Lines (69.630), Nelson Van Lines (56.317), and United Van Lines (41.459).



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INTRODUCING THE TALL COOL ONES. WHEN THE TEMPERATURE GOES UP, THEY RISE TO THE OCCASION.

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Scenes from Real Life: The Feminine Way *



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JUNE 8, 1978/ENQUIRE 91

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Arts and Antiques

Antique Investment Services—Private use Art in Estate Office. 3275 Atlantic Boulevard 1500 Room 2, San Francisco, CA 94116.

Looking for Free Prints Art Collection—Rockwell Norman. Enclosures. Oak Ave. (312) 471-5860.

Autographs

Autographs of actors personally signed. Ask for the National Show to Sell Your Autographs. C. Hamilton Galleries. 311 W. 77th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019. (212) 636-1000.

Wine

Winekeepers' Memorabilia—Free sample catalog. Specify: Name and 134 Oakdale Rd., PO Box 10480, Berkeley, CA 94709.

Free WineCatalogs—WineCatalogs. WineCatalogs. 10000 S. Main Rd., Suite 100, San Jose, CA 95138.

Recipes

Collier's—French recipe. Free gourmet samples. Specify: Name and 134 Oakdale Rd., PO Box 10480, Berkeley, CA 94709.

Japanese Recipe Books—\$1.99. Box 708, Laguna Hills, CA 92653.

Marsh Chemicals Recipes—\$1.99. Box 1429, York, Pa. 17407.

"Spreading Herbs"—Newest exotic incident. \$1.99. Box 771, Tustin, CA 92680.

Vietnamese Fish Recipe Available—Free. Specify: Name and 134 Oakdale Rd., PO Box 10480, Berkeley, CA 94709.

Literary Services

Writing, Research, Editing—All fields. General. Specify: Name and 134 Oakdale Rd., PO Box 10480, Berkeley, CA 94709.

Free Manuscript Review—Specify: Name and 134 Oakdale Rd., PO Box 10480, Berkeley, CA 94709.

Writing Workshops—Improve skills and learn new techniques. Specify: Name and 134 Oakdale Rd., PO Box 10480, Berkeley, CA 94709.

Publications

The Literary Connection—The first trade book publishing and the open in education. Specify: Name and 134 Oakdale Rd., PO Box 10480, Berkeley, CA 94709.

"My Grandmother Did It Too"—\$1.99. Specify: Name and 134 Oakdale Rd., PO Box 10480, Berkeley, CA 94709.

Free Travel Opportunity Report—Research reports on the travel industry. Specify: Name and 134 Oakdale Rd., PO Box 10480, Berkeley, CA 94709.

Admission and Travel Agents—Specify: Name and 134 Oakdale Rd., PO Box 10480, Berkeley, CA 94709.

Travelers' Bureau—Specify: Name and 134 Oakdale Rd., PO Box 10480, Berkeley, CA 94709.

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